



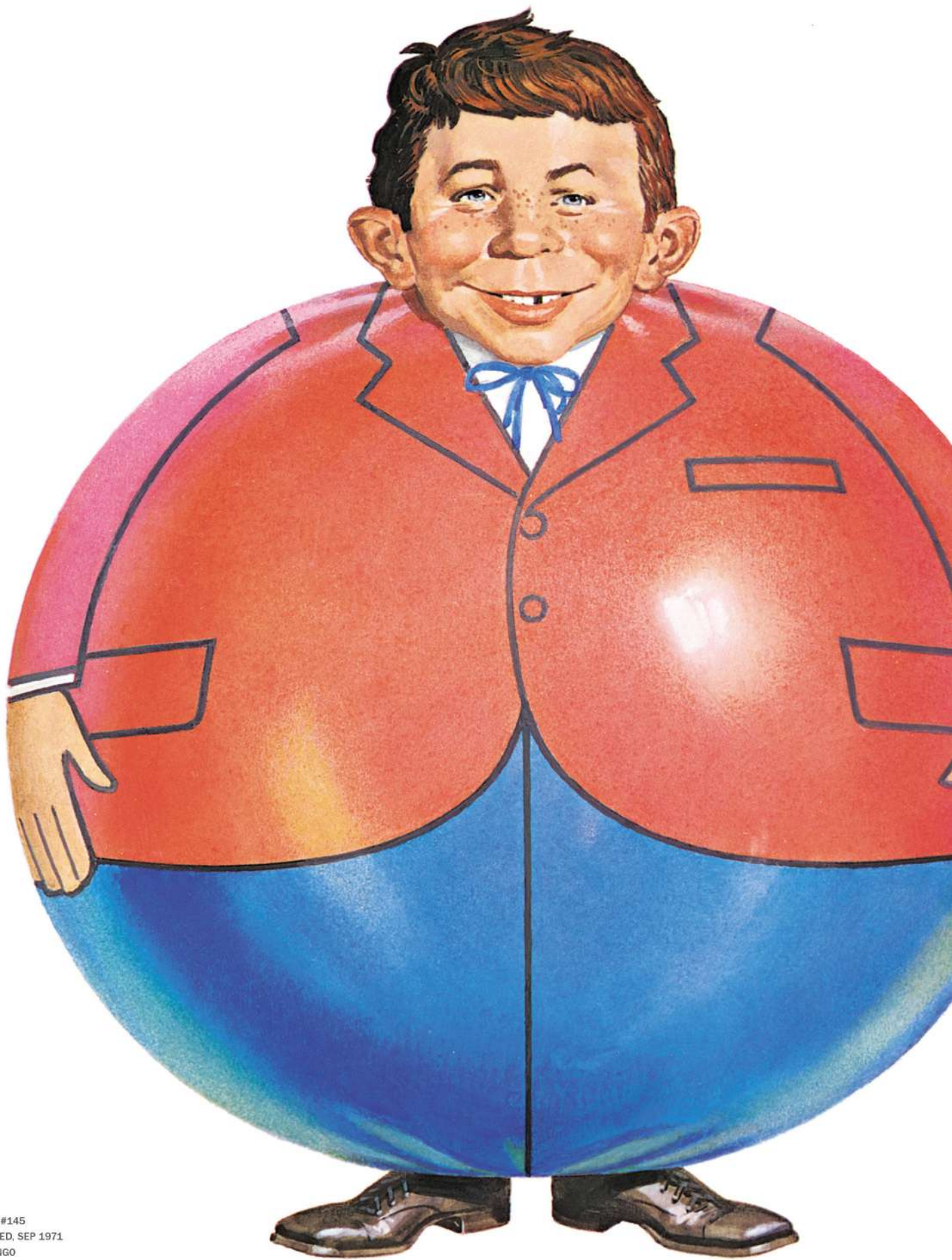
MAD

NO. 26
AUG 2022

GETS NUTTY OVER GREED



MADMAG.COM



COVER ART FOR MAD #145
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED, SEP 1971
ARTIST NORMAN MINGO



SEVENTY YEARS OF HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

MAD

NO. 26

AUGUST 2022

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

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- 55** The Parting Shot, MAD #75, Dec 1962
- 56** MAD'S Mad Mathematics Dept., MAD #37, Jan 1958

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST Mark Fredrickson

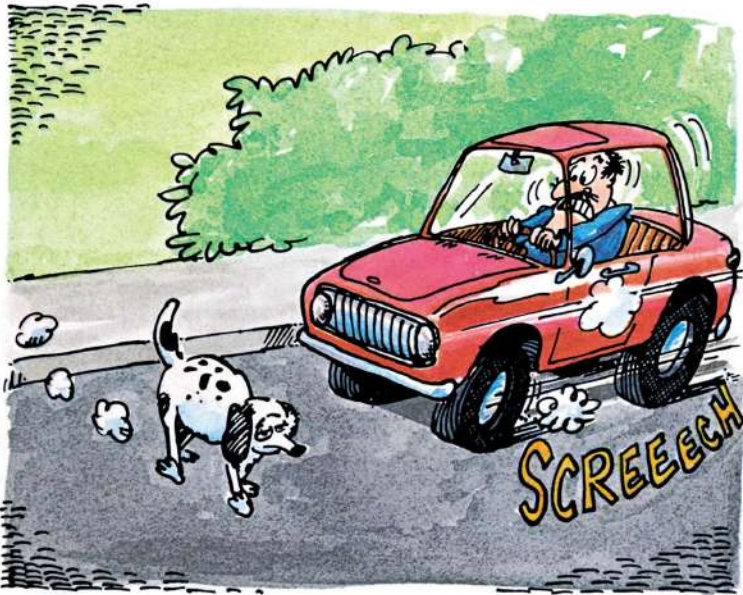
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.



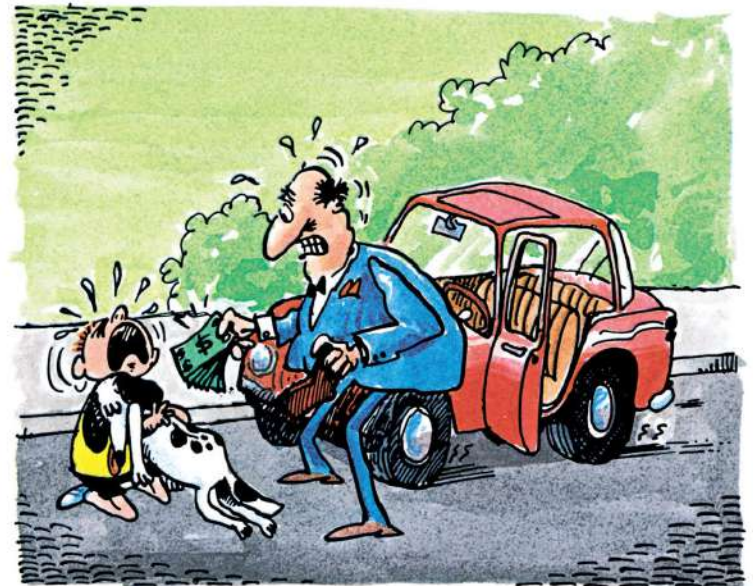
Norman Ming

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DOG GONE DOLLARS



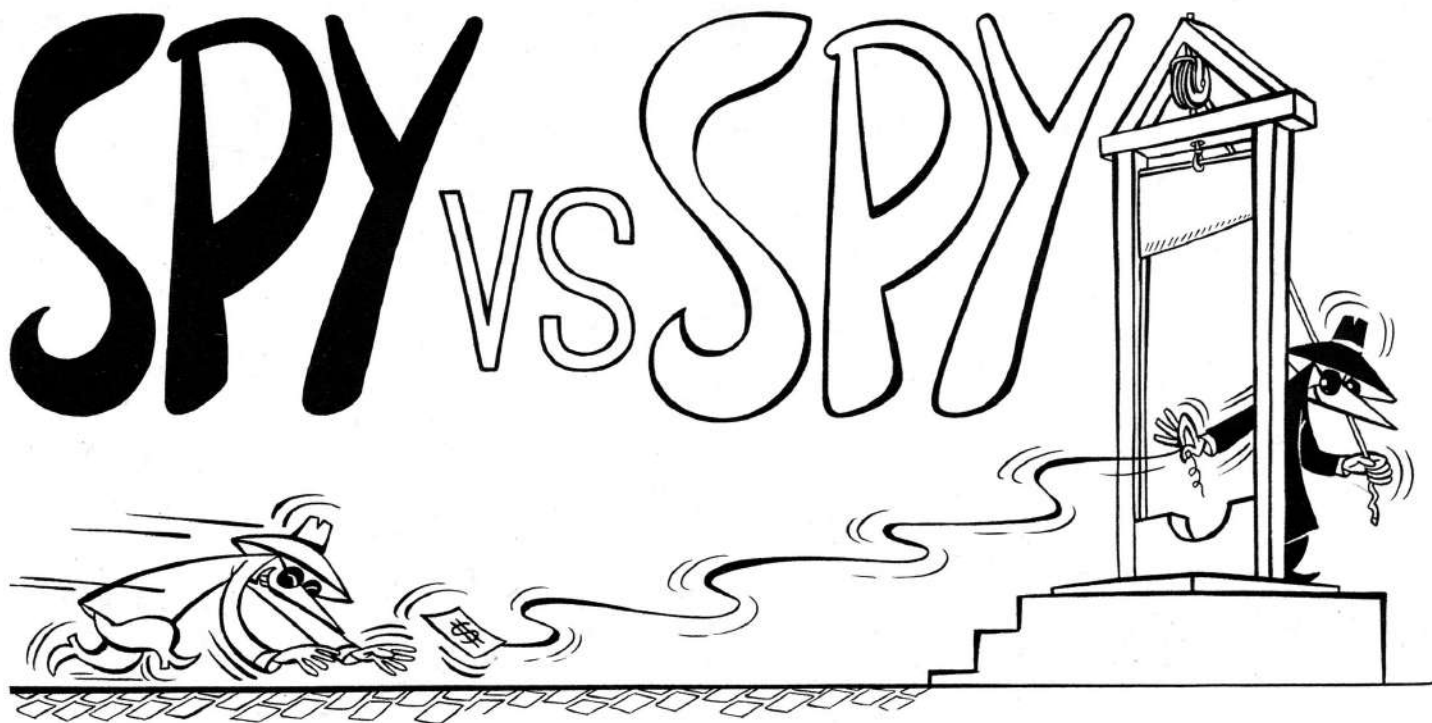
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #224, JUL 1981



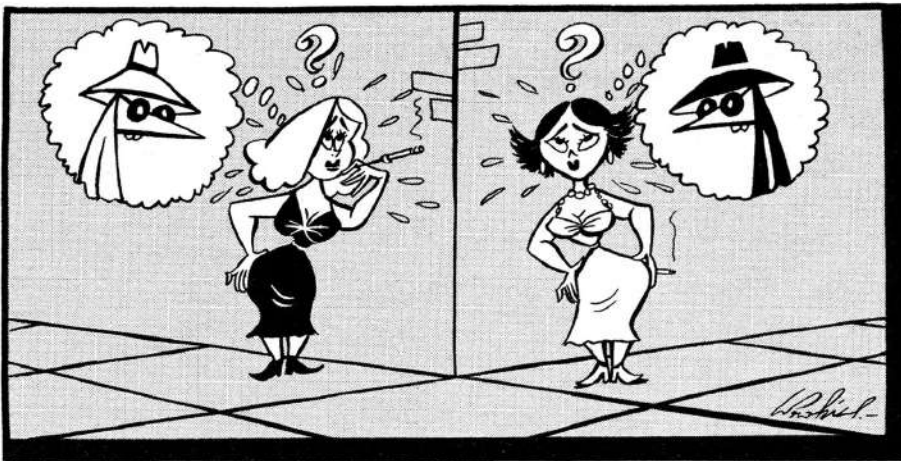
Antonio Prohias is a famous Cuban artist who defied the censorship of the Castro regime with anti-Communist cartoons—until he was forced to flee Havana with his life. Now, he graces MAD with his cartoon sequence of friendly rivalry called—



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #62, APR 1961





DONALD YUCK DEPT.

MAD's TRUMPED-UP SCENES FROM THE APPRENTICE



Any apprentice of mine has to be intimidating like me...so I want you all to go home and practice **THIS** pose in the mirror!

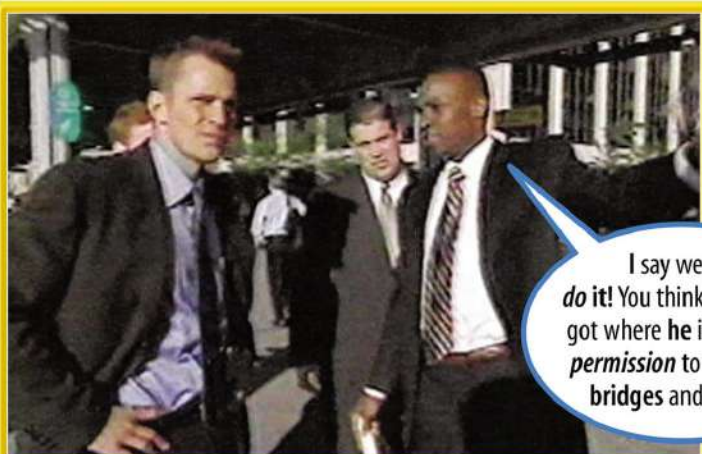


Whut? You mean this ISN'T *Average Joe*? I musta got in the **wrong** line! Huh-huh!



Now, when I was starting out, there was **no one** to hand *me* anything on a silver platter — well, **unless** you count my **Dad**, one of the **biggest** land developers on Long Island!

I say we just **do it!** You think Mr. Trump got where **he** is by asking **permission** to tear down bridges and things?



Don't throw up...don't throw up...it's not **roadkill** on top of his head — it's just a **haircut!**

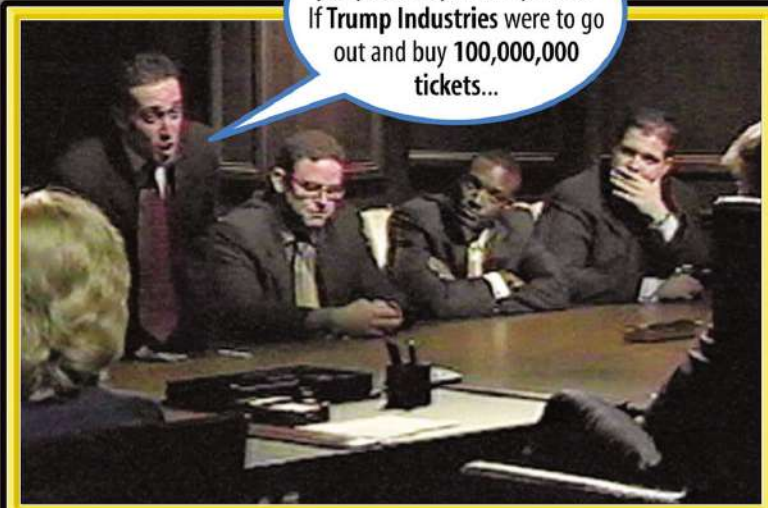


He wouldn't **dare** fire me first! Everyone from **Jesse Jackson** to **Al Sharpton** to **Johnnie Cochran** would be **marching** on **Trump Tower!**





I love hanging out with **Donald**! He's the **only** person in the **world** who makes **my** hair look **good**!



The **Powerball** Lottery jackpot is way, **WAY** up there! If **Trump Industries** were to go out and buy **100,000,000** tickets...



That's a **hysterical** joke, sir! And I think I speak for **Nick** here when I say we'd be laughing **just** as **hard** if you **COULDN'T** buy and sell our asses a **million** times over!



Who cares about becoming his **apprentice**? I'm here to fill the "**Ivana**" vacancy!



I told him I'm a "**people person**." He said "**Good!** I'll put you in charge of evicting people from **rent-controlled** apartments I want to convert to **condominiums**!"



Look how far I have to **walk** from **here** to the **curb**! You're **FIRE**!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #440, APR 2004



When *The Apprentice* turned into *Celebrity Apprentice*, they only forgot one itty-bitty thing. Celebrities! Last season's washed-up wannabes and barely-weres packed all the star wattage of a sputtering bug zapper. Mr. Donald Trump is a man accustomed to the best in life. Therefore, any celebrity project bearing the Trump name should reflect the unforgettable, shared moments of human culture. The Roman Empire! The Renaissance! Shaving Vince McMahon's head on pay-per-view! So don't ask how it's happened, just root for the history-making superstars as they fight to become...

THE DEAD

I'm Donald Trump, welcoming you to the **Trump Boardroom** of the **Trump Organization**, atop magnificent **Trump Tower**! This is my oily son, **Donald Trump Jr.**, and my waxy daughter, **Ivanka Trump**! **Trump Trump Trump, Trumpy Trump Trumptrump!** Let the fruit of my groinal **Trumpatozoa** fill you in with the details!

Don't let my slack, inert face fool you! On the inside, I'm a seething cauldron of emotion! And last season's cast of **mediocrities** made me sick! That's why we spared **no expense** to pervert **genetic science** in a deeply **obscene way**! Presenting the members of **Team Zombie**!

Bow to **Cleopatra**! As **Queen of Egypt**, I held **unimaginable power**! And my millions of **subjects** treated my **every utterance** as the received **wisdom** of a **living god**. Think **Oprah**, but without the **Book Club**!

They called me the **Babe**! The **Bambino**! The **Sultan of Swat**! I'm fat enough for **three nicknames**! I led my teams to **ten World Series**! I only wish they had **steroids** back then. I could have won **twenty championships**! Including the **Kentucky Derby**! And **not as a jockey**, either!



How right you are, **Jesus**! Each of us must face **personal damnation** or **salvation** at that moment of **supreme judgment**! And that'll all be handled by **Dad**, in the **Dead Celebrity Apprentice** boardroom! Introduce yourselves, **Team Sarcophagus**!

I may be a **hunka hunka rotting flesh**, but I'm **1,000% confident** that I'll **win this competition**! Of course, I **ALSO** thought I'd live to be **45** on a daily diet of **pig's feet**, **peanut butter** and **prescription drugs**!

To be on **Dead Celebrity Apprentice**, or to be on **Celebrity Rehab**, that is the **question**! Because between **thou** and **me**, I hath got a pretty strong **addiction to mead**! As a **keen observ'r** of the **human condition**, I will have much to speak upon my **experiences** here. And you can check it all out on <http://www.bardofavon.blogspot.com/>!

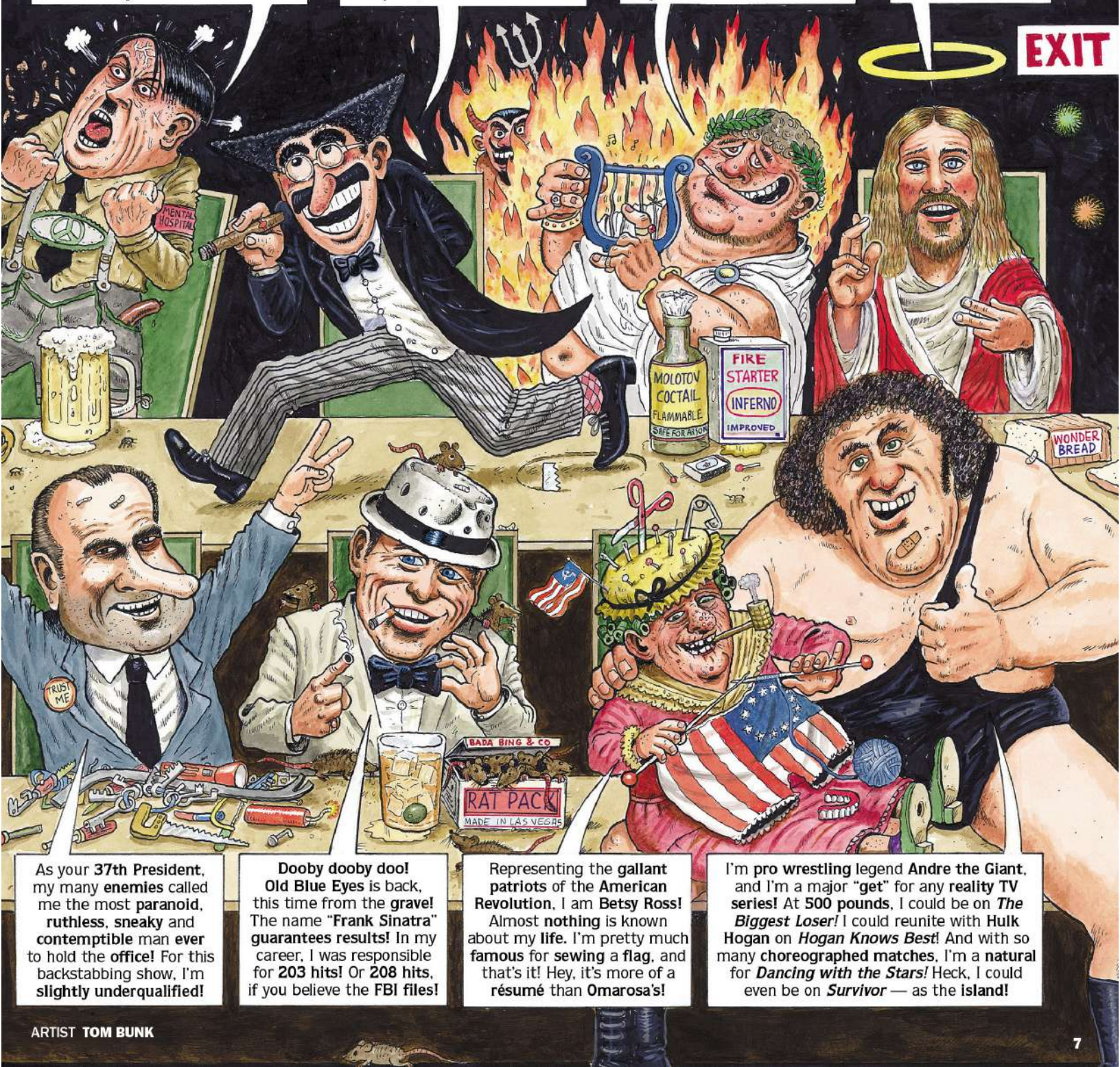
CELEBRITY APPRENTICE

To restore **Germany's** glory,
I plunged her into a **ruinous** war!
As a **shrimpy, black-haired nebbish**,
I promoted the ideal of the **blonde**
Aryan superman! Now, as a virulent
racist and **anti-semite**, I've decided
to chill out with a **media job** in the
racially pure world of **show business!**
Hmmm...maybe it just ain't
my **millennium!**

Why, it's me, **Groucho Marx!** The **pleasure** is **mine**, being on a series with **The Donald!** I think I'd rather be with **The Mickey** and **The Goofy!** What a show! You mean I got up from a **dead sleep** for **THIS**, when I could be home, **decomposing my memoirs?** I'd call my **agent** to complain, but he died in **1929!**

I am **Emperor Nero!** I was a **hated leader** with **daddy issues** who **seized power** under **mysterious circumstances**, **bankrupted my country**, and **dawdled** while one of **our major cities** was **destroyed!** Nevertheless, **55% of Roman citizens** said **I'm the tyrant** they'd rather have a **beer with!**

I tell you, on the **day of judgment** you will have to give an **account** for every **careless word** you utter; for by your **words** you will be **justified**, and by your **words** you will be **condemned**!



As your 37th President, my many enemies called me the most paranoid, ruthless, sneaky and contemptible man ever to hold the office! For this backstabbing show, I'm slightly underqualified!

Dooby dooby doo!
Old Blue Eyes is back,
 this time from the **grave!**
 The name "**Frank Sinatra**"
guarantees results! In my
 career, I was responsible
 for **203 hits!** Or **208 hits,**
 if you believe the **FBI files!**

Representing the **gallant patriots** of the **American Revolution**, I am **Betsy Ross!** Almost **nothing** is known about my **life**. I'm pretty much **famous** for **sewing a flag**, and that's it! Hey, it's more of a **résumé** than **Omarosa's!**

I'm pro wrestling legend **Andre the Giant**, and I'm a major "get" for any reality TV series! At 500 pounds, I could be on *The Biggest Loser*! I could reunite with Hulk Hogan on *Hogan Knows Best*! And with so many choreographed matches, I'm a natural for *Dancing with the Stars*! Heck, I could even be on *Survivor* — as the Island!

This is a **cutthroat**, anything-goes competition that only one of you will survive! But first, Jesus Christ will give us one of His famous pep talks!

What shall it **profit** a man if he gains the whole world but loses his soul? It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven! You cannot serve both God and Money! Love others as well as you love yourself!

I'm just not following You, J-Dawg! Does not **compute**! No wonder You only had one best-selling book, while I've had a dozen! Your holy message of honesty, love, peace and forgiveness won't last ten minutes in today's TV programming! I hate to do it, but Jesus...YOU'RE FIRED!

Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does!



Before we **begin**, I know there are some of you who've never even heard of New York City! Raise your hands, I'm seeing Shakespeare, Nero, Cleopatra...and BABE RUTH? Didn't you play for the Yankees?

I don't know, possibly! **Burp!** I was pretty wasted!



I thought long and hard about what would be a good task to kick the proceedings off. I wanted it to be totally fair to both sides! The first challenge will be a flag-sewing competition!

Awwwwwww, BOOOO-yeah! In your FACE, Hitler!

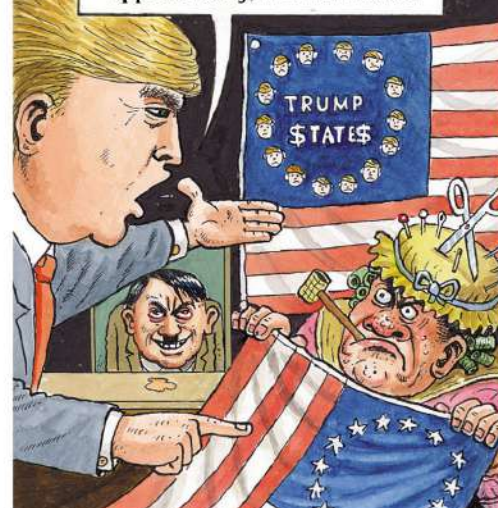


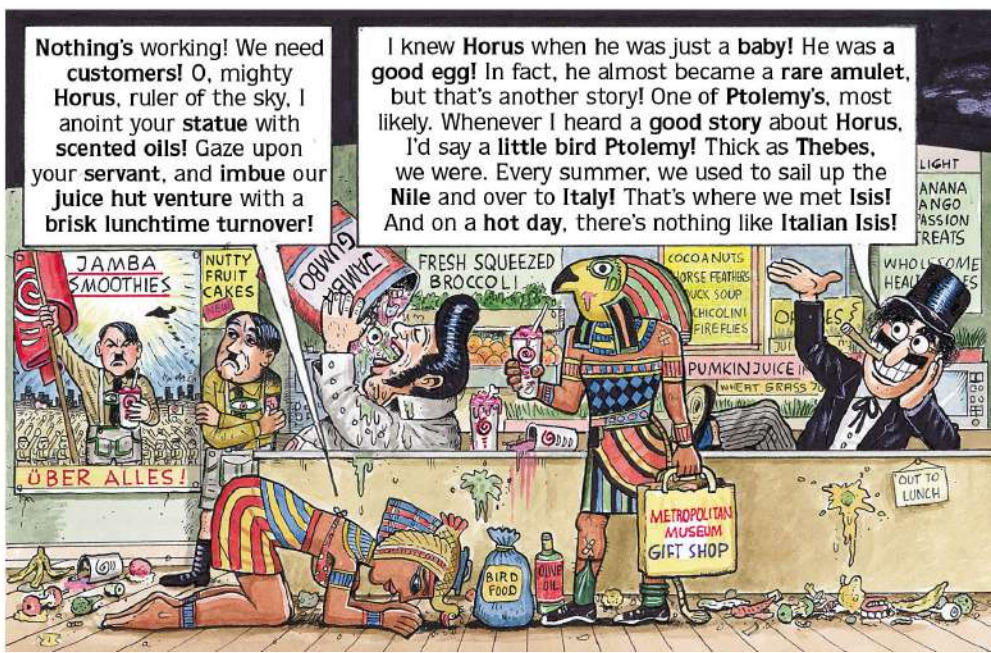
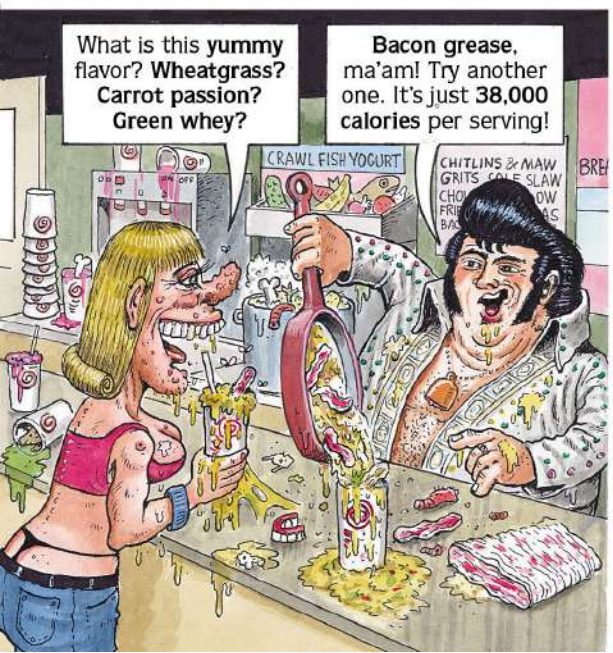
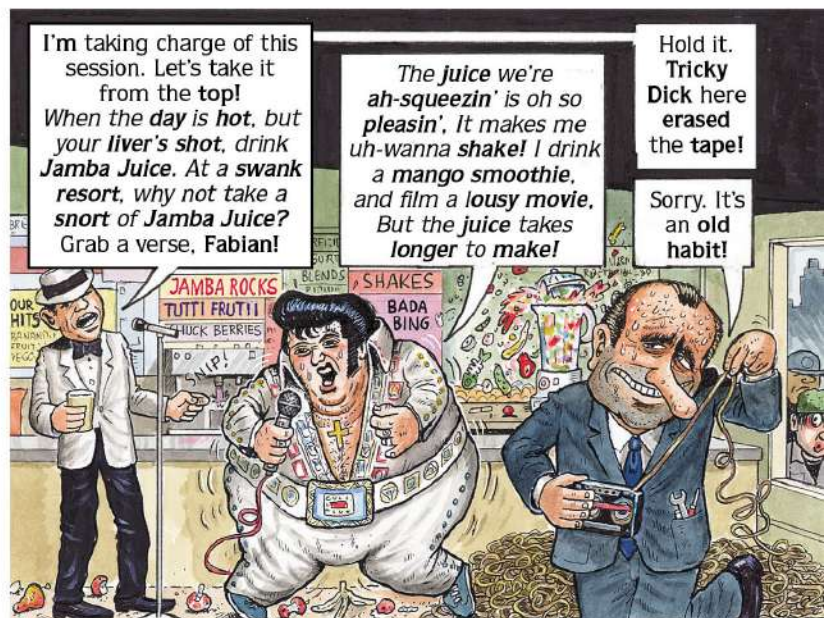
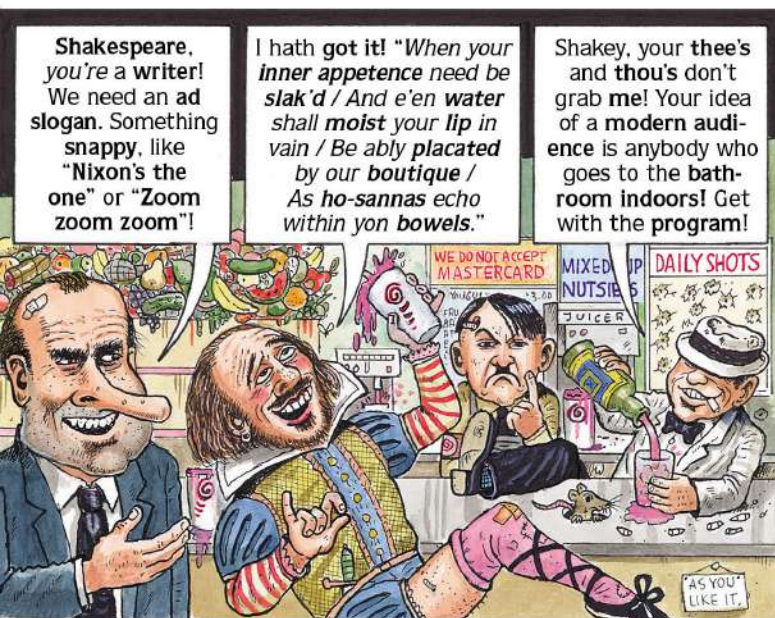
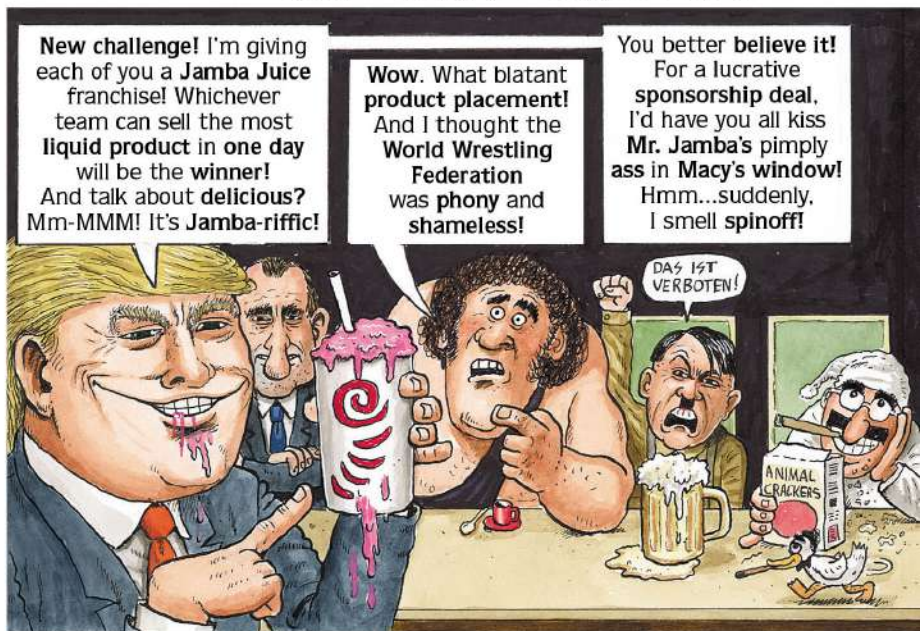
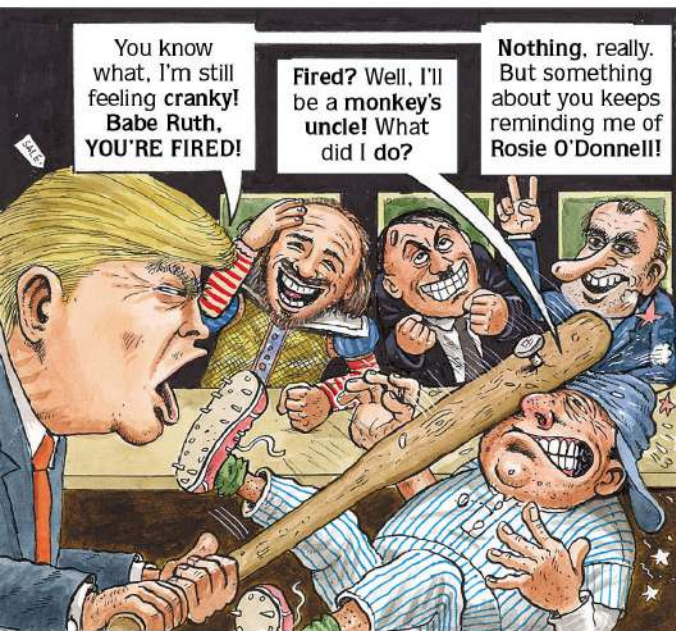
I sure do remember **Flag Day** back in 1927! I belted three home runs, two taxi drivers, and a cop!

Big boy, I can almost see you now, slugging those home runs in Yankee Stadium. But I can't see Yankee Stadium! An old joke, I admit. But I haven't gotten a dime from NBC in fifty years, and they get what they pay for! If you've got a dime, that joke can be yours. Pay me a quarter, and I'll never tell it again! Now **that's** a deal you can't beat with a stick! But don't take my word for it. For 50 cents, I'll sell you a stick!



This hackneyed design is yesterday's news! Team Zombie's composition has much more appeal! Betsy, YOU'RE FIRED!





These totals are shocking! Team Sarcophagus did very well, selling 182 gallons! But Team Zombie unloaded 750,000 gallons of Jamba Juice! How is that even possible?

German efficiency! I secretly connected our juice supply to the New York Fire Department's hoses!

And I pvt the flaming torch to several local strvctvres — Trvmp Towers, Trvmp Plaza, the Trvmpapoltan Mysevum of Art, Trvmp Grain Silo, Trvmp Lanes Bowling Emporivm and the Trvmp Interspecies Brothel! Then I fiddled while they bvrned, and ovr team's jvice flowed!

Nero, you toga-wearing twit! There's no profit margin in smoke inhalation! I'm angry about YOUR FIRES! Therefore, YOU'RE FIRED!



It's also come to my attention that a certain crooked contestant has diverted some of the Jamba Juice into his own secret "slushie fund"! Let me make one thing perfectly clear: Nixon, YOU'RE FIRED!

Aw, #*\$%! Not again!



I've decided to shake the game down to its very foundations! I'm taking ALL the members of Team Zombie, and I'm switching them for all the members of the other team! And vice versa!

Way to go, Dad!

That's the kind of meaningless dramatic twist that reinvigorates an otherwise stale and tiresome formula!

And we're not just saying that to suck up to you because we know that somewhere out there, there's a hot, unknown 14-year-old with a Slovakian accent that you will some day end up marrying and will try to talk you into cutting us out of your will!



Dead celebrities, your next task is to create a new promotion for Central Park!

Ah, look at all this open space! "When I have seen the emerald sprawl unfurl / T'would ebb and bloom yet ne'er cause breach / Any man may think himself an earl / As Nature claims its glory and its reach."

Sickening, isn't it? If the City Council had half a brain between them, they'd let me bulldoze the whole meadow area, and put up a modest, unobtrusive 68-story skyscraper!



The Central Park Children's Zoo is for kids! Kids don't pay for rent, or gasoline, or groceries. Kids equal disposable cash! I propose we transform the zoo into Manhattan's first casino!

If we're going to build a casino, let's make the floors nice and soft! It was always tough on my back, passing out on stage!



Toil harder, slaves!
Work without cease!
Or your Queen swears
you will never live to
see Ra's sunset!

It's a little under-
stated, but I like it.

They gave me this job because
I'm a well-known chiseler! I only
wish I knew how to spell ~~it~~! Say,
it's getting dark. Could you send
someone in here with a flash-
light? Preferably a young blonde!
Make it **two** blondes, and you can
forget about the flashlight!



Daddy,
why are
you
glowering
9%
more
than
normal?

Because the dead celebrities wrecked the park with
their illegal construction. New York has yanked my
real estate license! Atlantic City's pulled my gaming
license! I.M. Pei, Pink Floyd and Dick Clark Productions
are all suing us for plagiarizing their pyramid!
But the capper was landscaping Central Park's water
reservoir into the shape of a swastika! That was too
tasteless...even for me! Hitler, YOU'RE KAPUT!

Ach!
Today
NBC,
tomor-
row
**The
Surreal
Life 15!**



Shakespeare,
what do
you think
went wrong
for
your side?

"Our best-laid plans are
ended. We are foiled, /
Undone by o'er-wrought
ambition and haste."
Or in other words,
we screwed the pooch!

Under this
magnificent hair,
I've got a
splitting headache!
Shakespeare,
THOU ART FIRED!



I'm in a mean mood! I went
seven whole minutes without
being on camera! Elvis, you're
fired! Groucho, you're fired!
Andre the Giant, you're fired!
Ivanka, you're fired, too!

Me? But I'm your
own daughter!
And besides, I'm
not even a dead
celebrity!

That can be
taken care
of! Here,
Donald Jr.
Double your
inheritance!

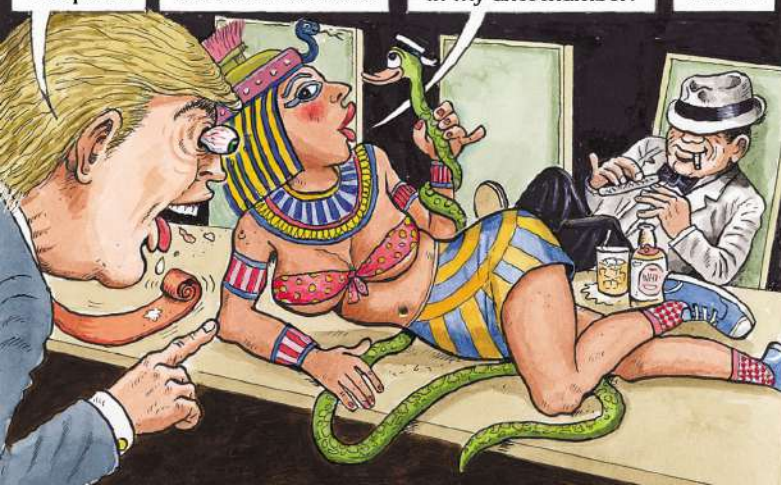


We're
down to
the final
two,
Frank
Sinatra
and
Cleopatra!

Cleo, using slave
labor on a major
construction site
is something so
hatefully low, even
I haven't done it.
Though I've certainly
DREAMED about it!

Mr. Trump, I've always
been attracted to pow-
erful men! You remind
me of Julius Caesar!
I'd love to talk about
the similarities back
in my antechamber!

Now
THAT'S
the art
of the
deal!
Sinatra,
**YOU'RE
FIRED!**



Not so fast, Richie
Rich! I think this is
a good time to
call in some of **MY**
celebrity contacts!
Say hello to your
new silent partners,
Trumpsky!

How'd you
like to give up
hosting **Dead
Celebrity
Apprentice**,
and become a
contestant?

Gurk! I may have
misspoken! From
one Chairman
of the Board to
another: Mr. Frank
Sinatra, **YOU**
are the winner!

And
I did
it
my
way,
Jack!



The Bank Examiner

Scenes We'd Like to See



WRITER **GEORGE MANDEL**

ARTIST **JOE ORLANDO**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #37, JAN 1958

Joe Orlando





What do you get when you cross mutual funds, T-bills, mortgages and Keough plans with some crude puppets, a few sappy songs and a host who talks like a ten-year old? You get...

MR. JOLLY ROGERS' NEIGHBORHOOD

VISITS A LOCAL BANK

*It's a typical day in my neighborhood
Where life's sure to stay this way for good
It's ideal—'cause it's unreal!
It's not like your house—here everything's calm!
I'm not like your dad—I'm more like your mom!
I'll be—thanks to TV—
Your neighbor!*

Hi, neighbor! Here we are together again in our **own little world** where we have such fun, like watching me change my clothes and talking to special guests!

Today's guest is Ralph Nabob, the President of the First National Neighborhood Bank! It's nice to have you visit us today, Sir! How are you?

Quite well, bank you! Do you have real interest, or are you just checking? Hi yo silver and gold! The loan arranger rides again!



WRITER LARRY SIEGEL

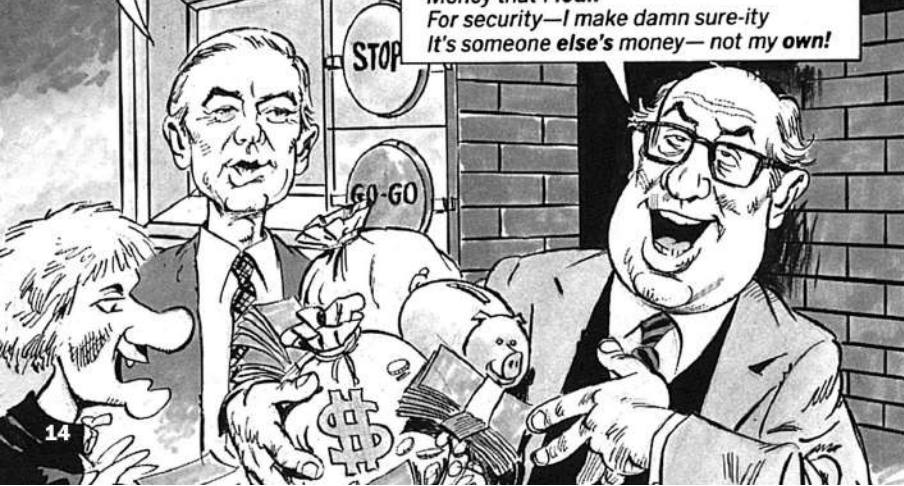
ARTIST ANGELO TORRES

My, you're sure caught up in your work...

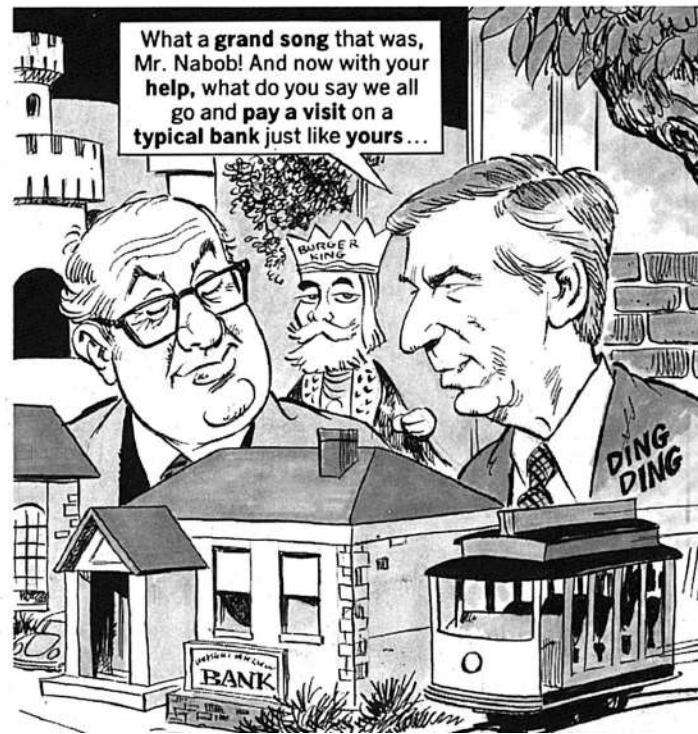
I've always been that way! Why don't I deposit myself right here and sing about it...

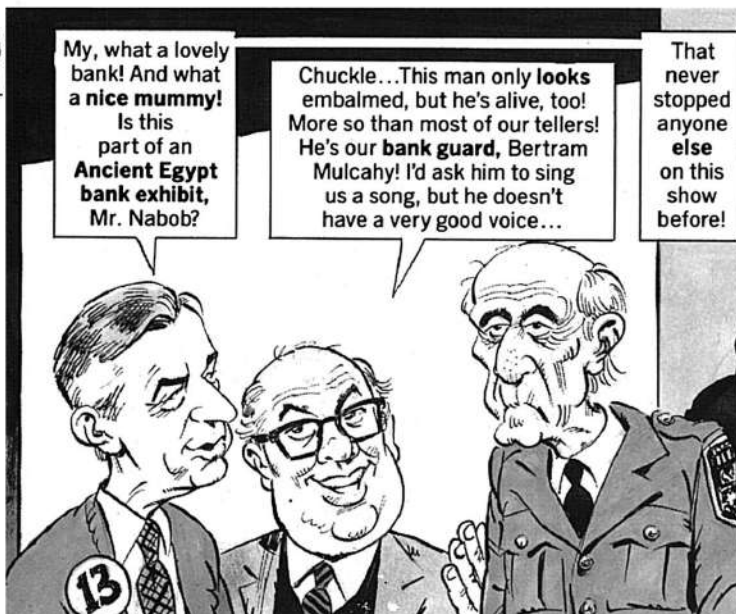
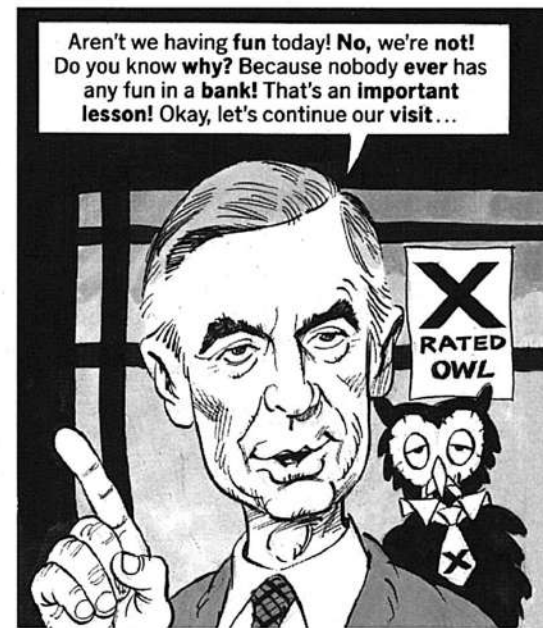
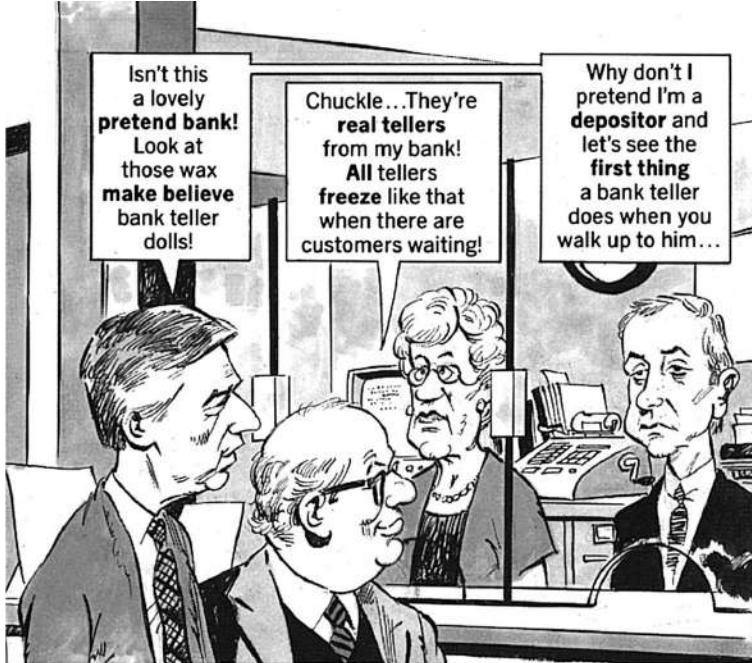
*Even as a child
Money drove me wild
So my life was styled
For security—in my future-ity
There would be lots of money—highly piled!*

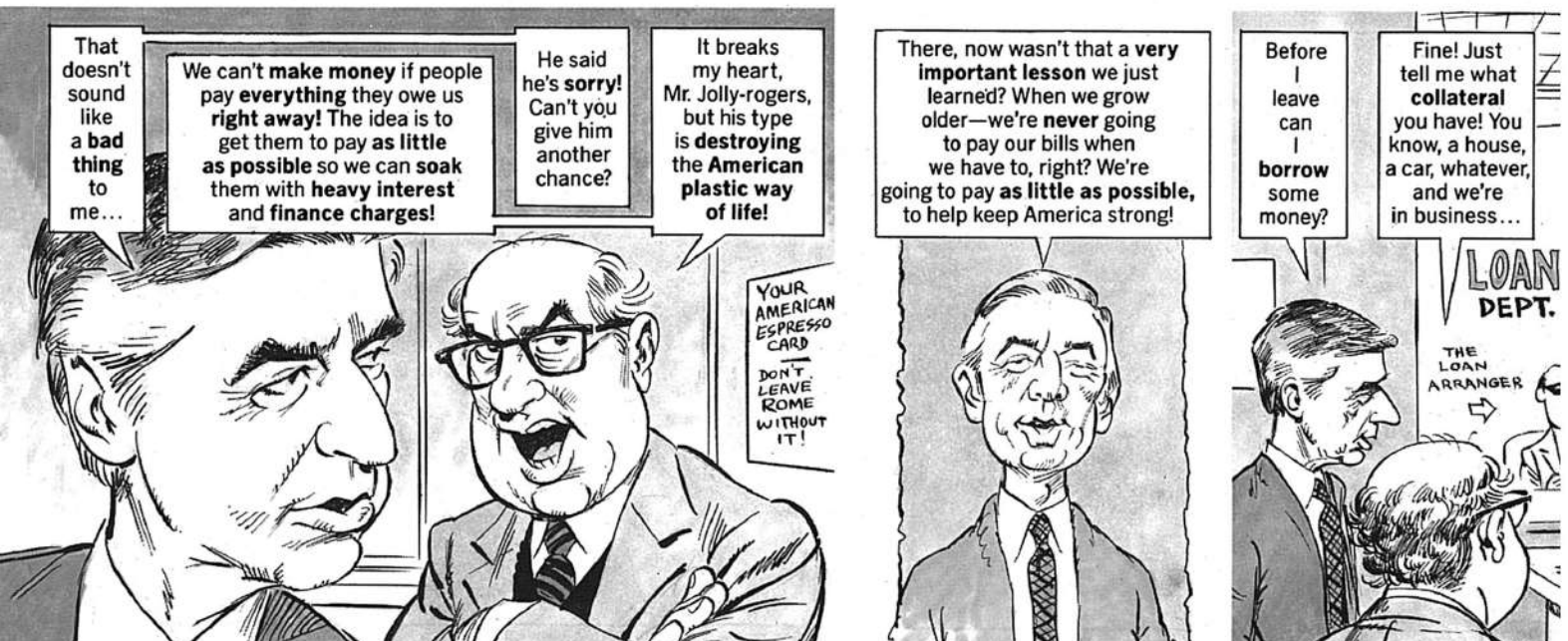
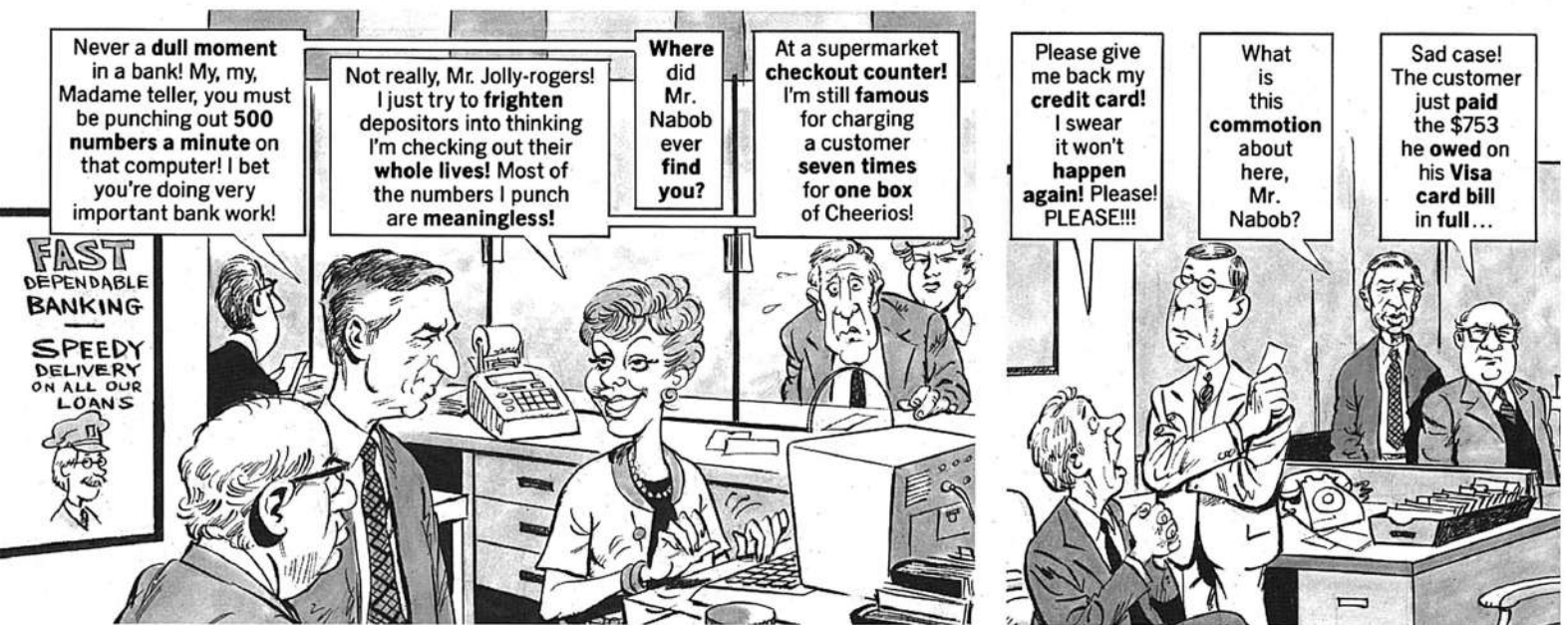
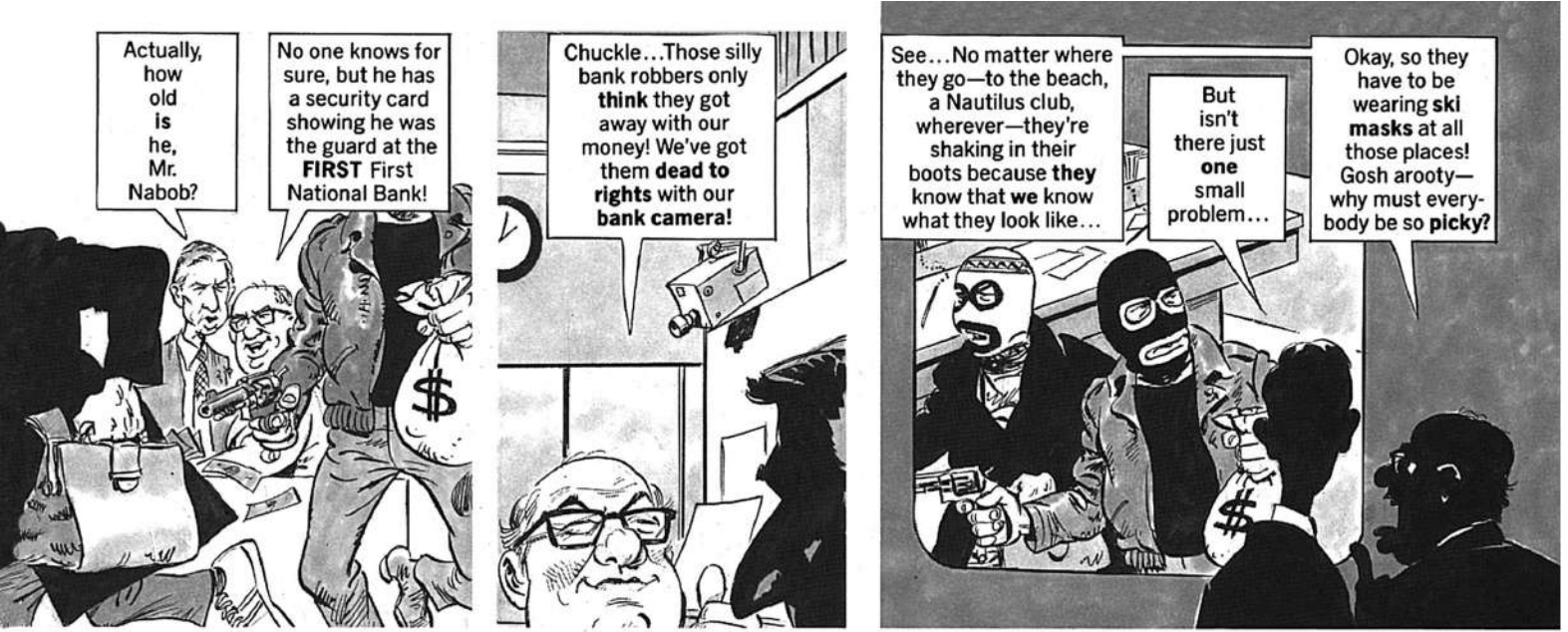
*Now that I am grown
Haven't changed my tone
Money that I loan
For security—I make damn sure-ity
It's someone else's money—not my own!*

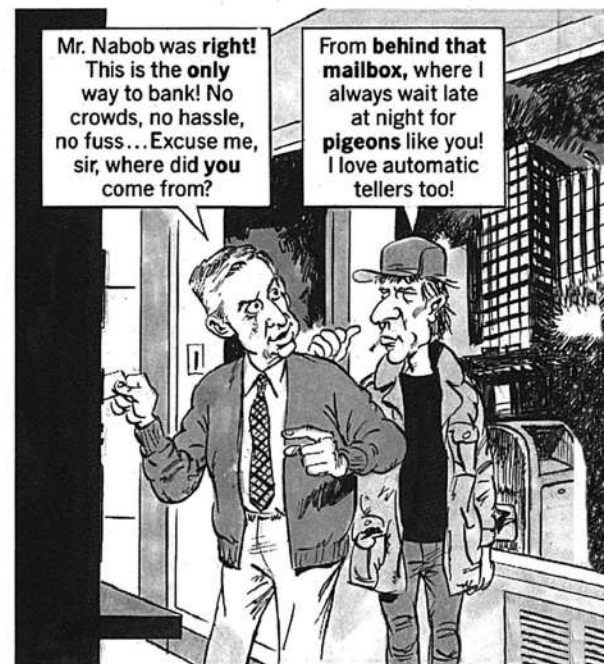
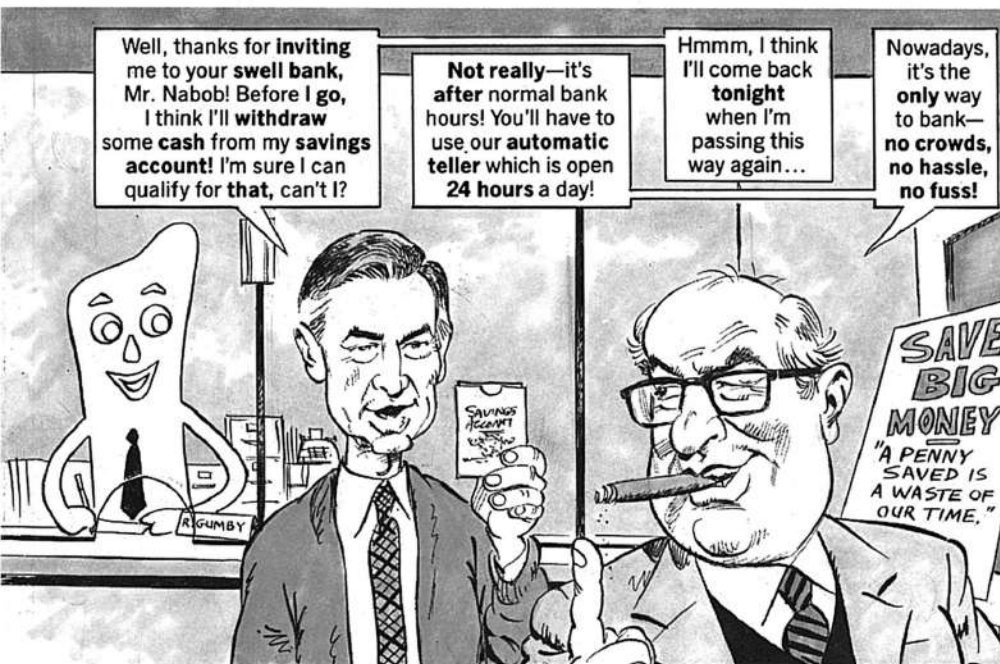
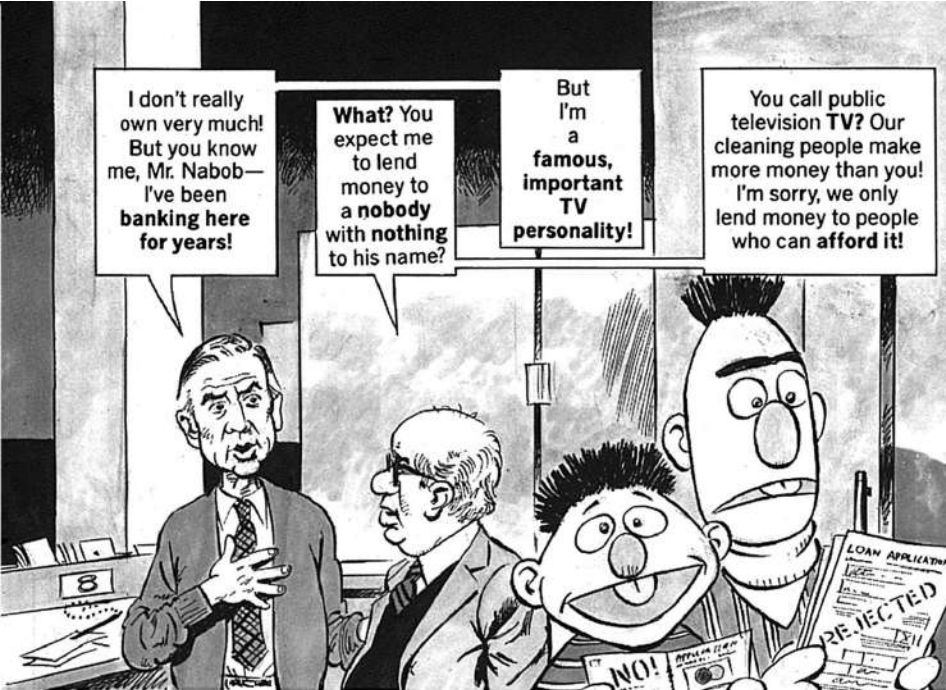


What a grand song that was, Mr. Nabob! And now with your help, what do you say we all go and pay a visit on a typical bank just like yours...





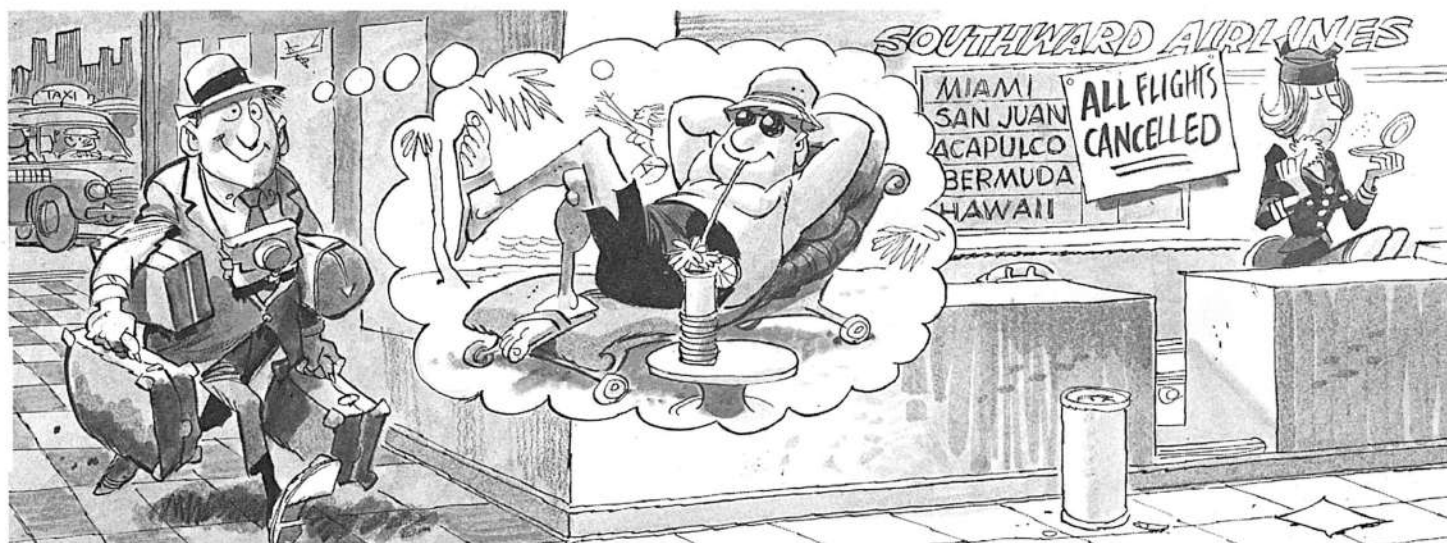




ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #267, DEC 1986



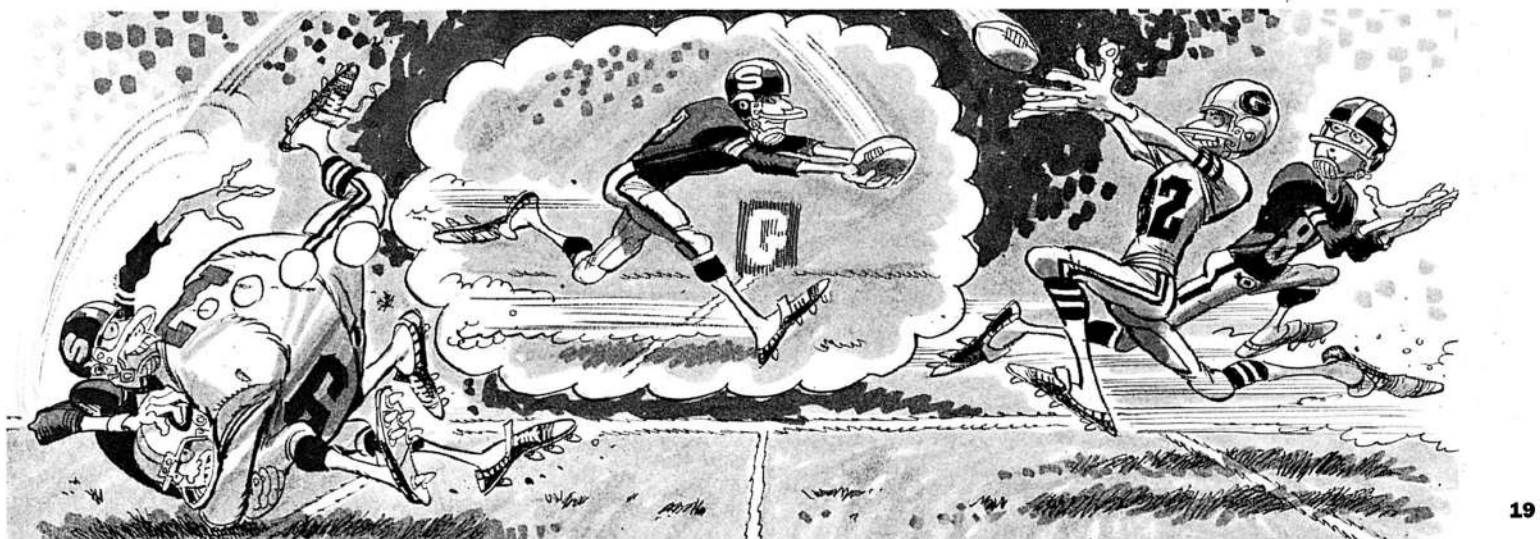
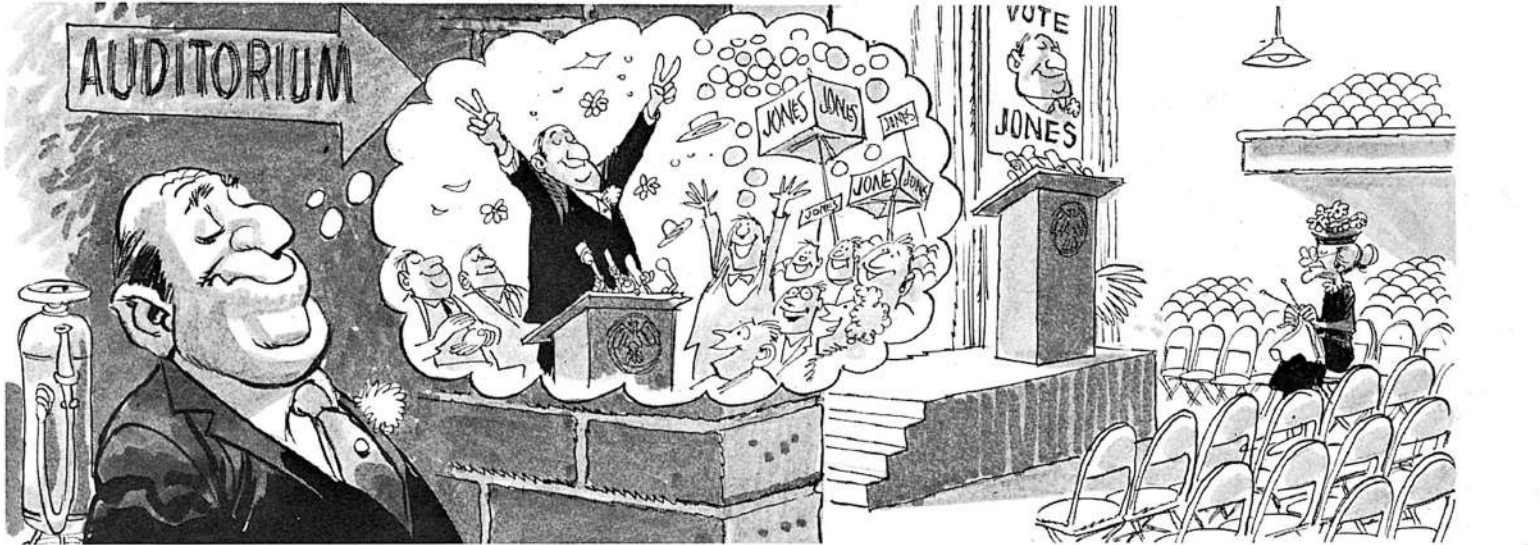
WISHFUL

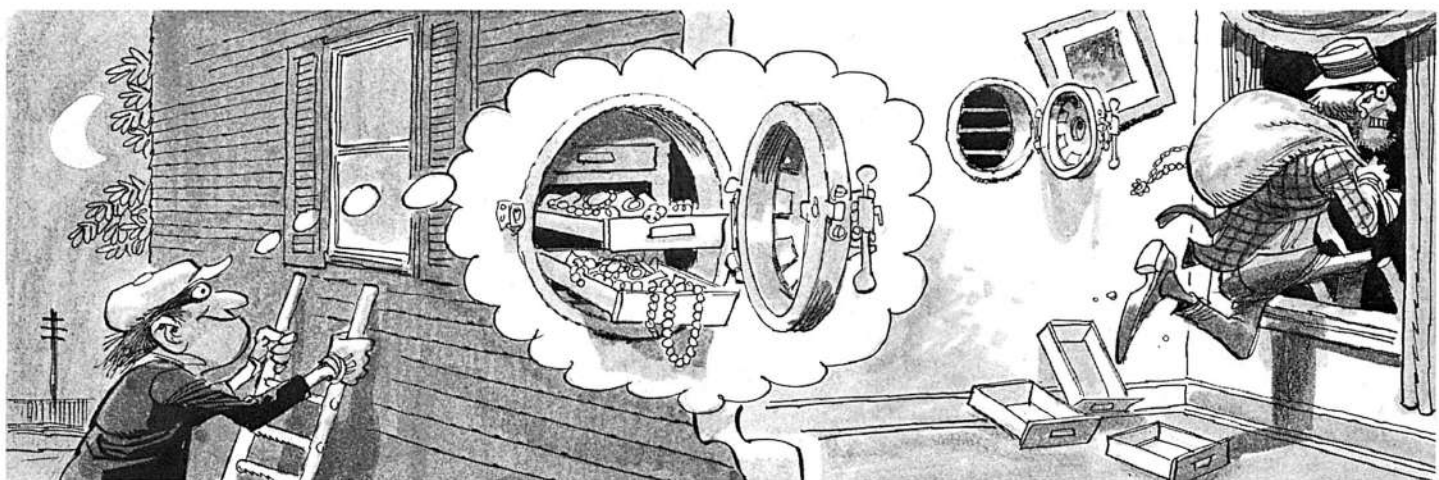
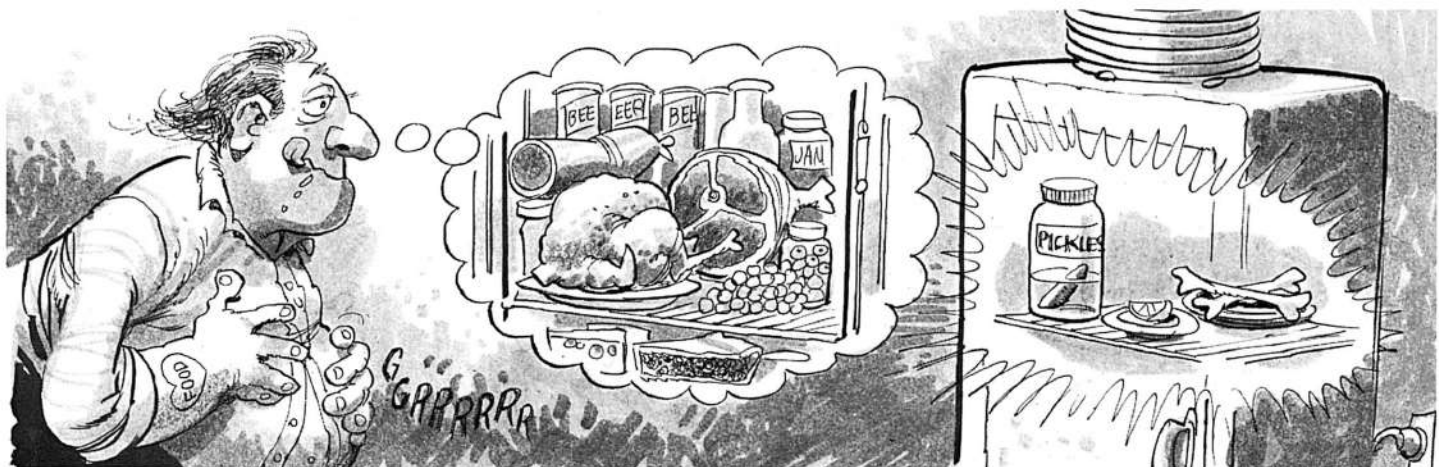
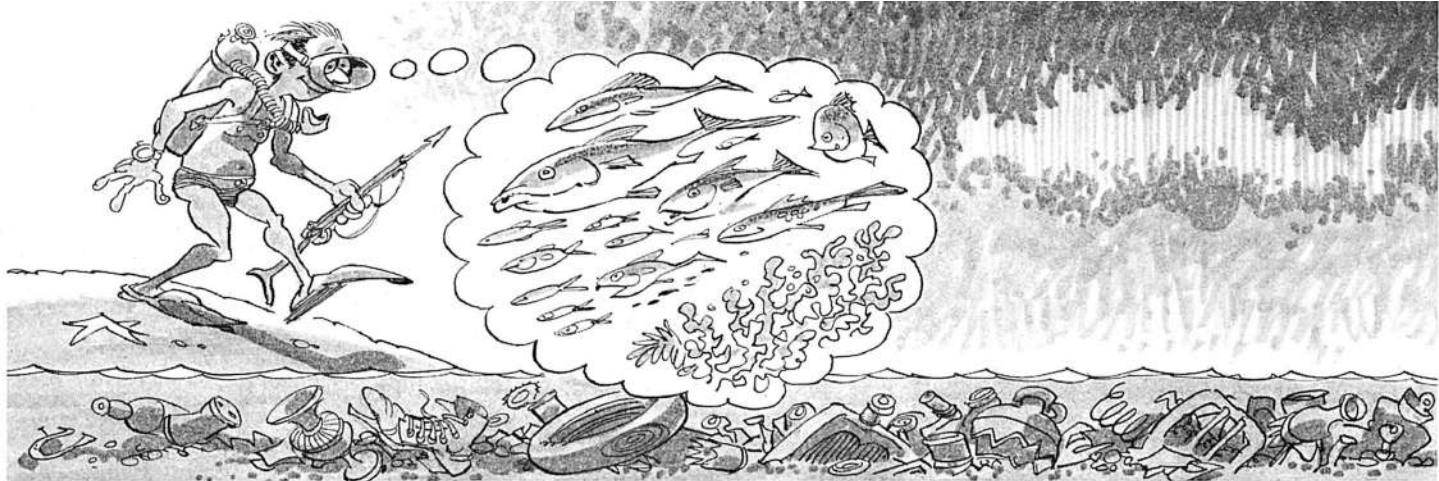


THINKING

WRITER PAUL PETER FORGES

ARTIST JACK DAVIS







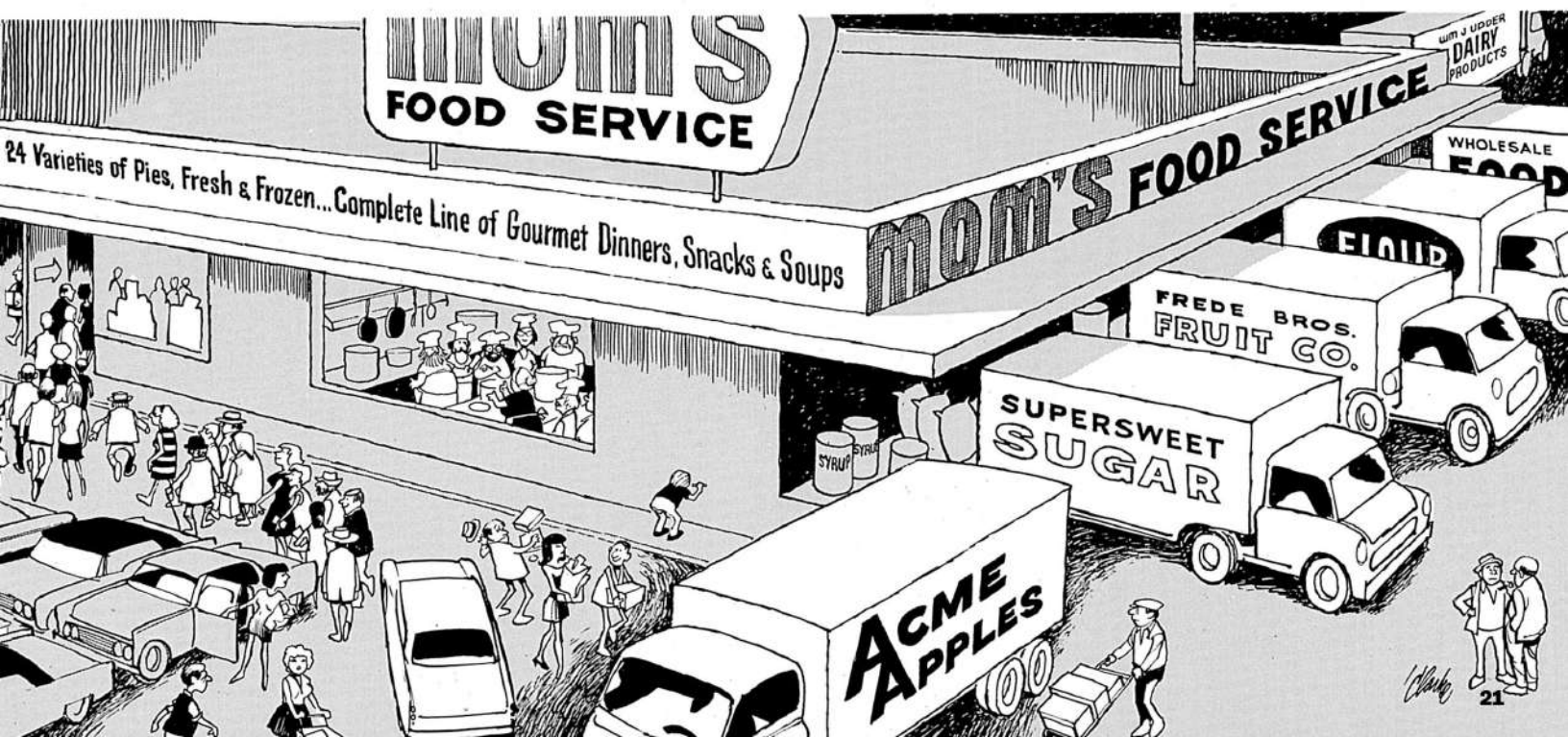
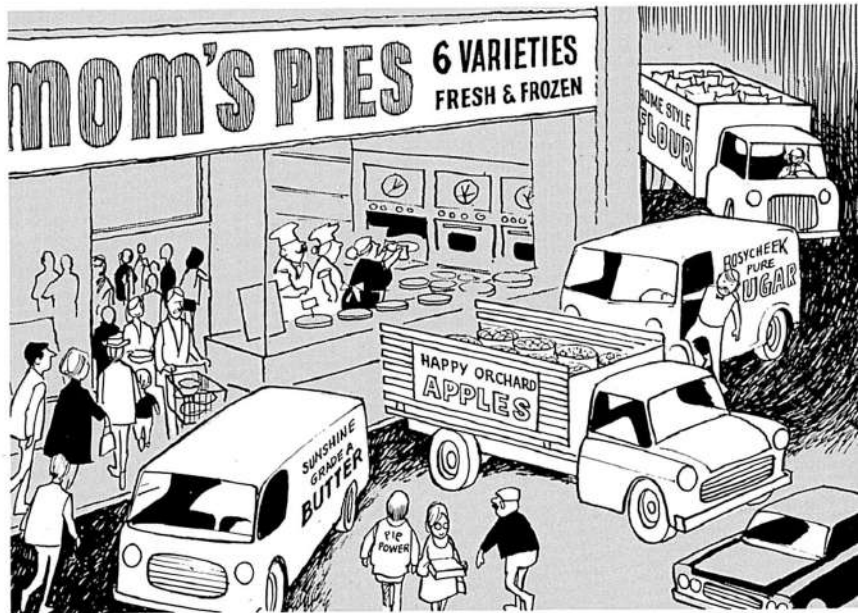
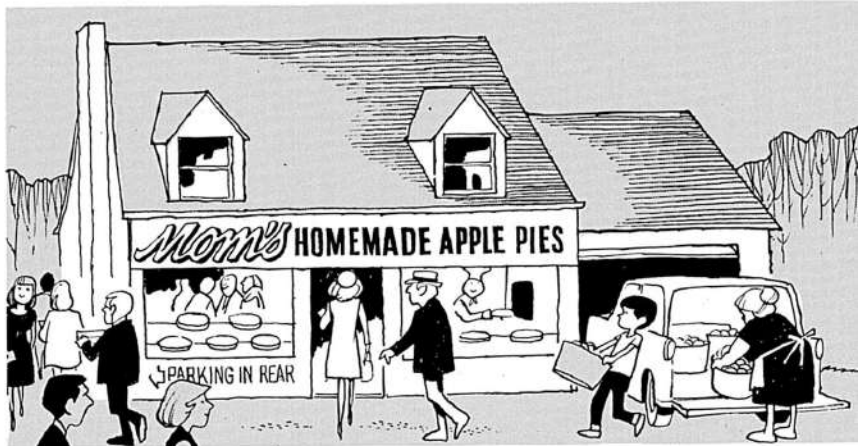
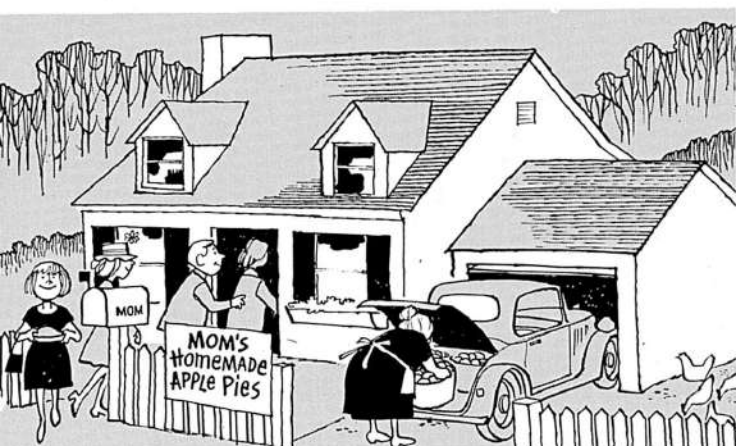
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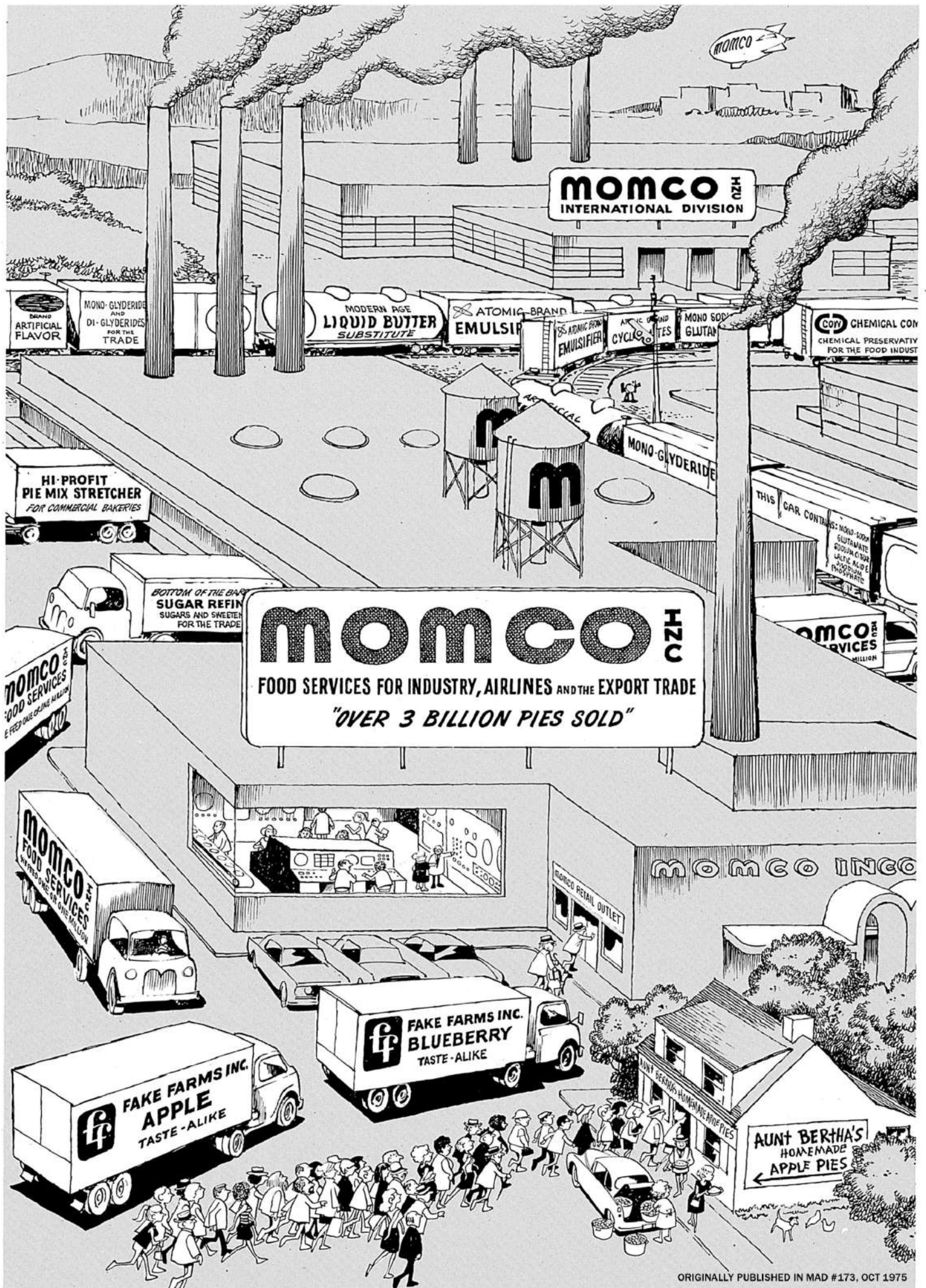


A MODERN BUSINESS SUCCESS STORY

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST BOB CLARKE





A SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE

PHOTOGRAPHER
IRVING SCHILD

EXXON



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #290, OCT 1989

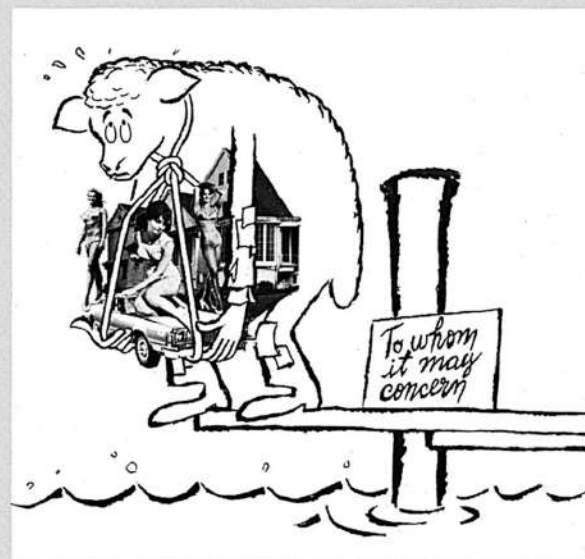
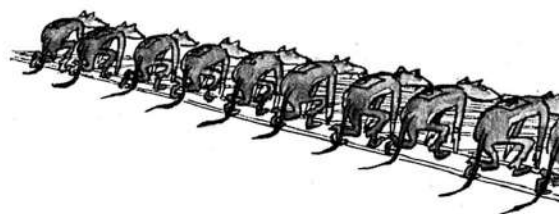
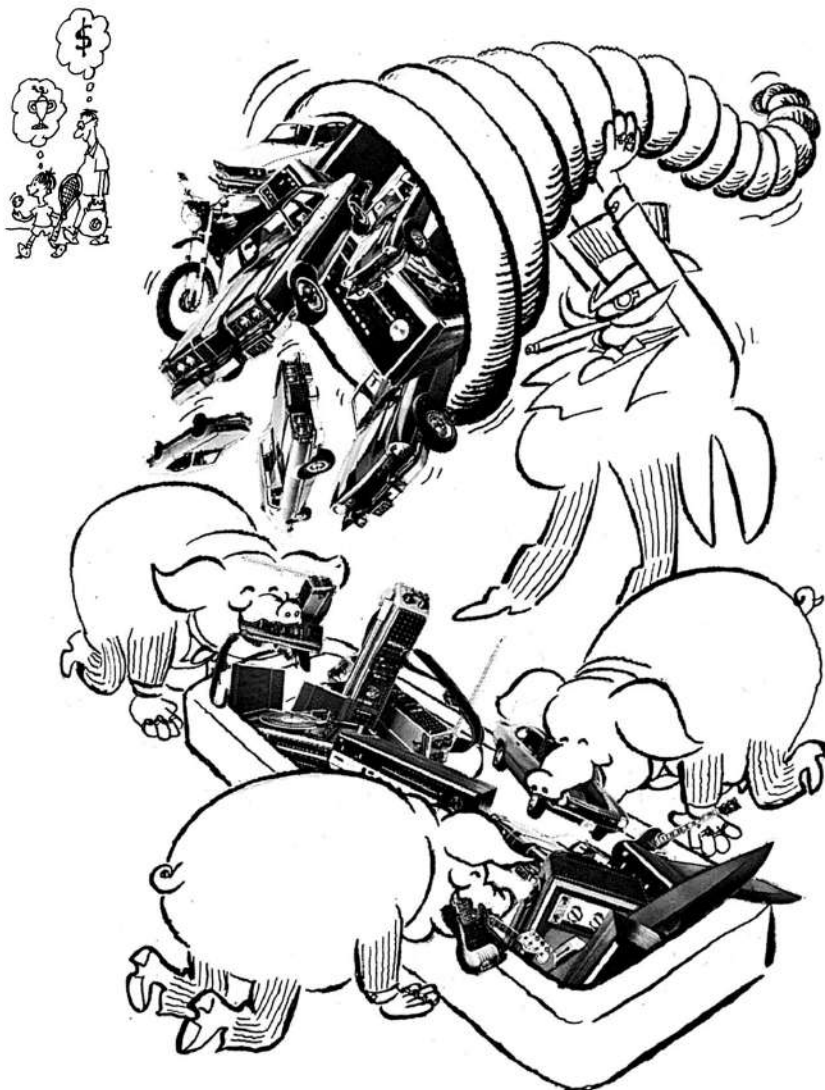
ANOTHER
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A MAD LOOK AT OUR

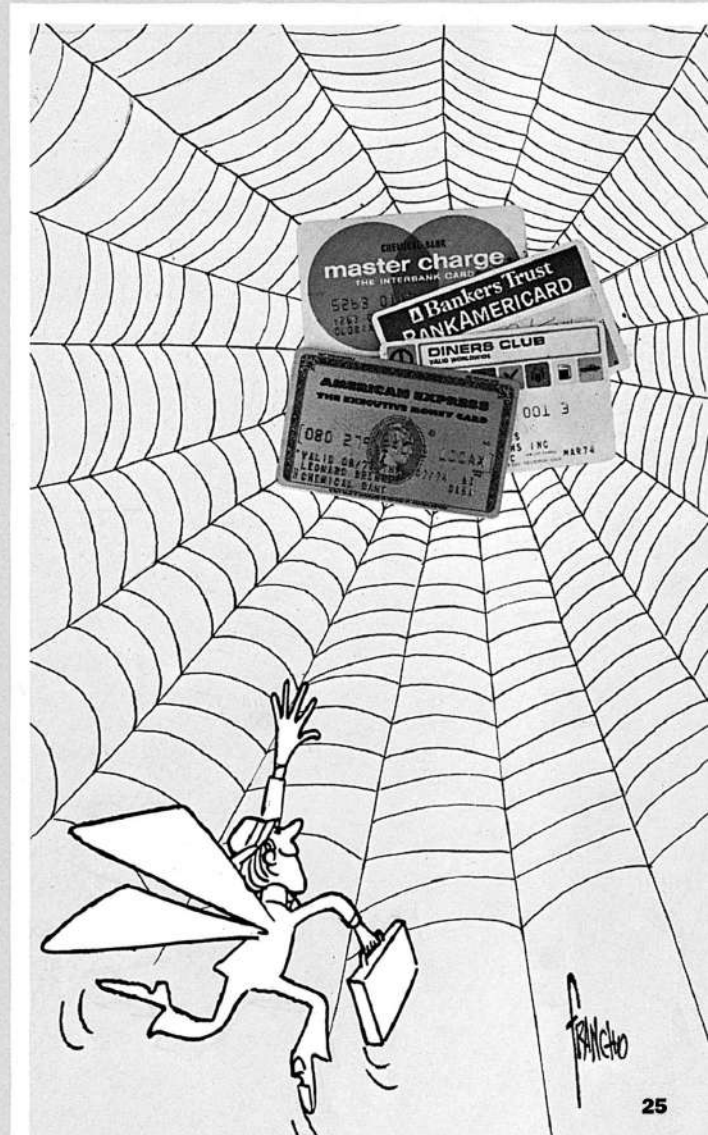
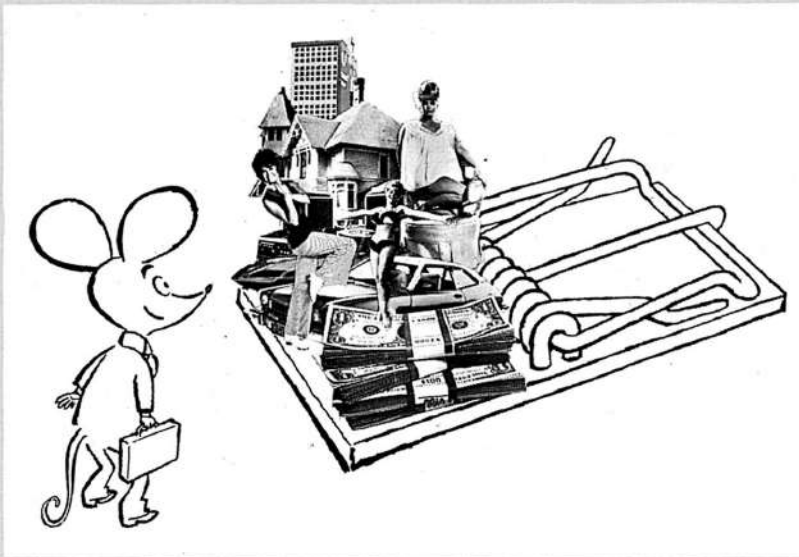
WRITER & ARTIST **ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI**



CONSUMER SOCIETY



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ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #173, MAR 1975



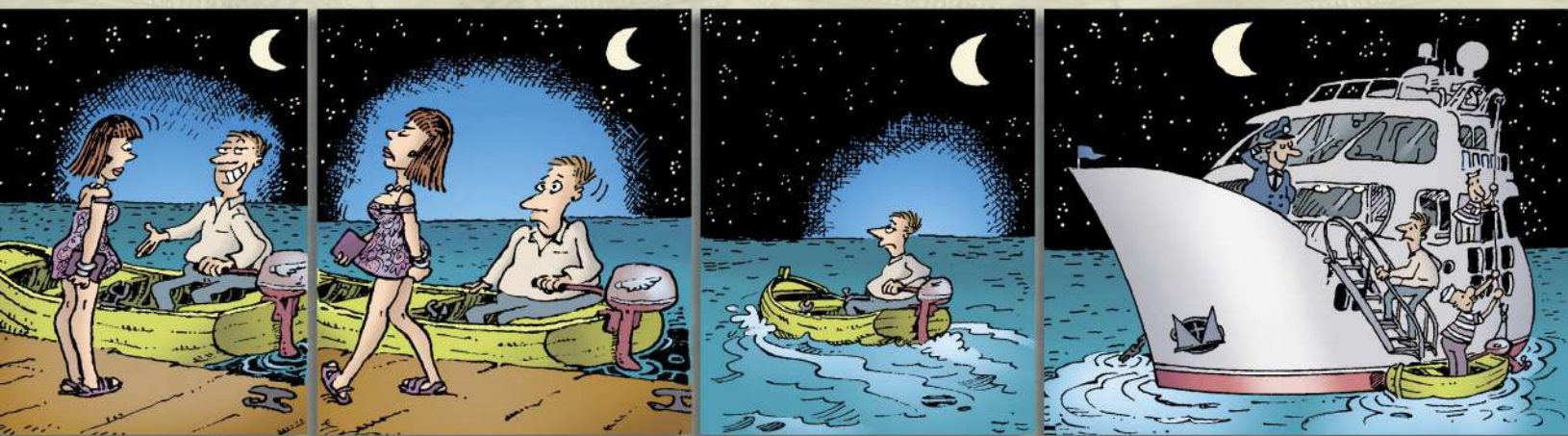


Sergio Aragones
Presents

A MAD LOOK AT THE

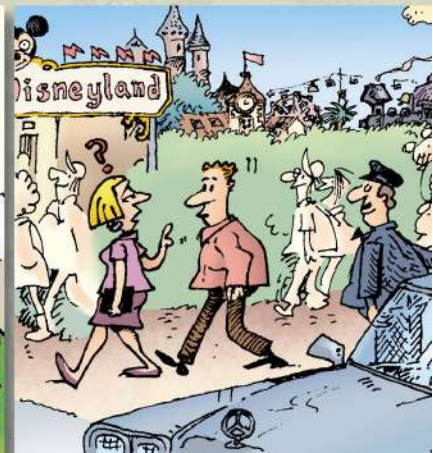
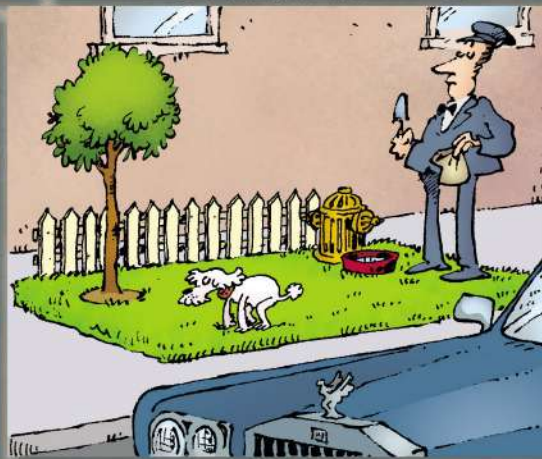


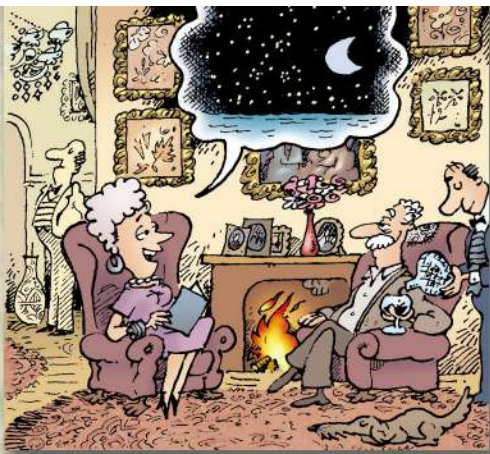
FILTHY RICH



WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**









WHEN YOU'RE POOR...A

WRITER **FRANK JACOBS**

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you're a glutton.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you're a gourmet.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you breed kids like rabbits.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you throw your money away on booze.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you have a well-stocked bar.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



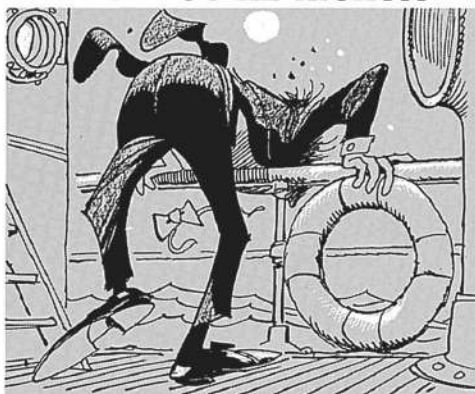
...you're the town weirdo.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you
vomit.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you succumb to a
sudden attack of nausea.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



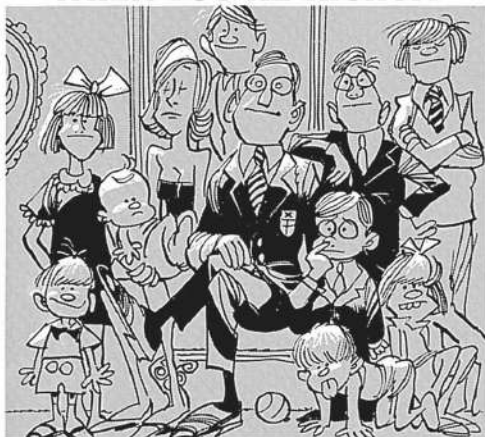
...you gamble away your
salary at the track.



AND...WHEN YOU'RE RICH

ARTIST **JACK DAVIS**

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're blessed with a large family.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you gossip.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you bring each other up to date.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



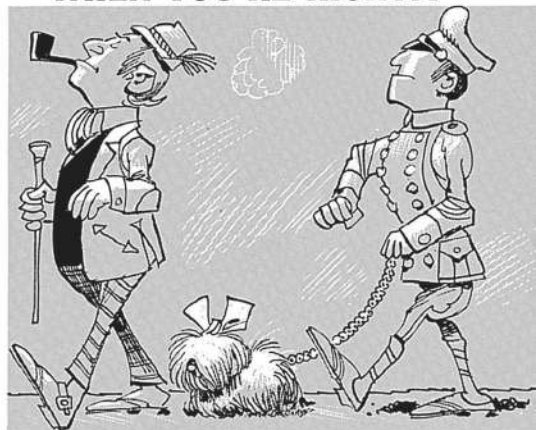
... you're the local eccentric.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you own a mutt.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you possess a mixed breed.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you have a bad day, handicapping.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you're a punk who's a menace on the highway, and should be locked up.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're sowing wild oats and getting some devilishness out of your system.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #190, APR 1977



I'm **George Clooney**, aka **Dante Lotion**, the leader of the greatest band of robbers and con men ever assembled for a film that should **never** have been remade! There are **two plans** here! The **first** is to pull the heist of the century and rob the vault of the **Smellagio**! That's a breeze! The **second** is looking like cooler cats than **Frank Sinatra**, **Dean Martin** and **Sammy Davis Jr.** We tank on that one! They were the **Rat Pack**! We're closer to the **Blah Bunch**! We're stiff, lifeless and devoid of personality! Meet the...



That's **Brad Pitt**, aka **Crusty Coolhand**! He's hustled casinos worldwide! He's my right-hand man and the **second coolest** guy in this film! He likes to say he's **Robin to my Batman**, but I don't like to be reminded about that movie! Not my best work!

More people got nauseous watching that film than **The Perfect Storm**! Including me! That's what we do here on this film...**playful banter**! Lots of tossed-off lines that sound ad-libby but are scripted, of course! Hey, you know a film's in trouble when **Brad Pitt** is the go-to comedy guy!



Meet **Matt Damon**, aka **Listless Cartel**, aka "**The Kid**"! His specialty: **picking pockets**! Why do we need a pickpocket to rob a Vegas vault? We don't! We wanted one more pretty boy for insurance! Not for the heist — for the **box office**! Let's face it, they might as well call this film **The Invasion of the Damn Cute Guys**!



Next comes **Bernie Mac**, aka **Crank Brazen**! He's the "**inside man**"! His job: he can **deal cards** and **watch everything** that takes place on the casino floor! So far all he's seen are **hookers**, **fat tourists** and a **drunk lounge singer** **throwing up** on a **Keno waitress**! Ah, there's nothing like the **glamour and glitz** of **Las Vegas**!



Next comes **Eddie Jemison**, aka **Livingston Dull**, aka "**The Geek**"! Livingston is the **nervous surveillance expert**! He's a specialist in **electronics**, **computers** and **wiring**! His job is A) to help pull off the heist and B) afterwards, to hook **everybody** in the group up with **illegal cable**!



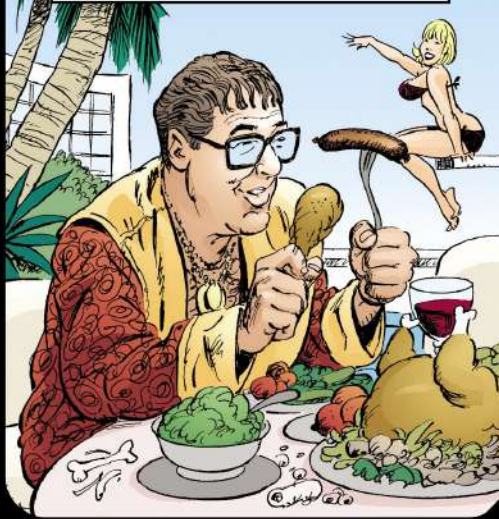
Tones

MOTIONS ELEVEN

That's **Don Cheadle**, aka **Trashar Barr**! He's our demolitions expert! TNT, plastiques, wireless exploding devices are his specialty! He can blow up **anything**! If I were him, my first job would be to attach a **pipe bomb** to the acting coach who taught him the **cockamamie cockney** accent he uses throughout this film! I warn you, you're not going to understand **one word** he says! Hell, I don't **either**!



Over there is **Elliot Gould**, aka **Ruby Mishigoss**! There goes our **hip factor**! Elliot plays the film's **money man**! He **bankrolls** our operation! This heist is **dangerous**, but he **likes the action**! Hell, he's **used to long shots**! He was once **married to Barbra Streisand**! **Yeesh!** Talk about **bad odds**!



That other **old geezer** is **Carl Reiner**, aka **Sol Gloom**! Early in his career Carl worked with **Sid Caesar**, **Mel Brooks**, **Neil Simon** and **Larry Gelbart**, the **funniest group ever assembled**! They had him **laughing all the time**! Carl says hanging around with this **group** is a **nice change**!



I now bow to **Shaobo Qui**, aka "**The Amazing Yawn**," an **acrobat** who can **fit into small spaces**! During the heist he **folds his body in half** and gets into the **tiniest places**! Incidentally, there is also a **huge hole** I can **dive into**! It's called the **plot**! There's enough room there for **me, Yawn** and **every voter** whose ballot wasn't counted in **Florida**!



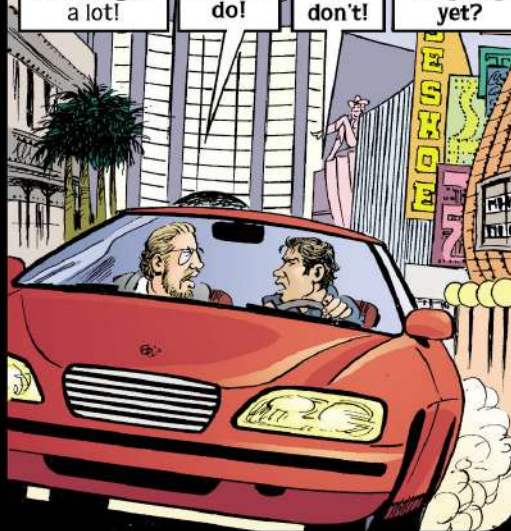
These next two are **Scott Caan** and **Casey "Yes, Ben's my brother" Affleck**! They're the **zany truck and car guys**, **Turk** and **Virgil Malloy**! In this film they basically **drive cars around and argue**! Let's listen in...

No, we don't argue a lot!

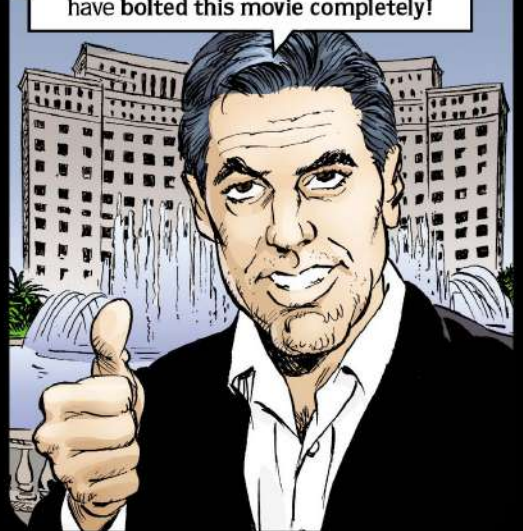
Yes, we do!

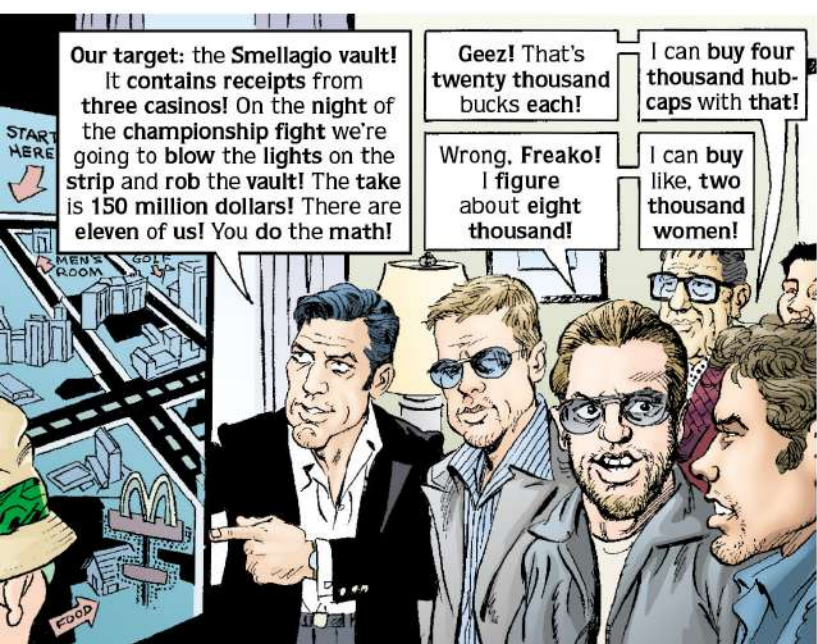
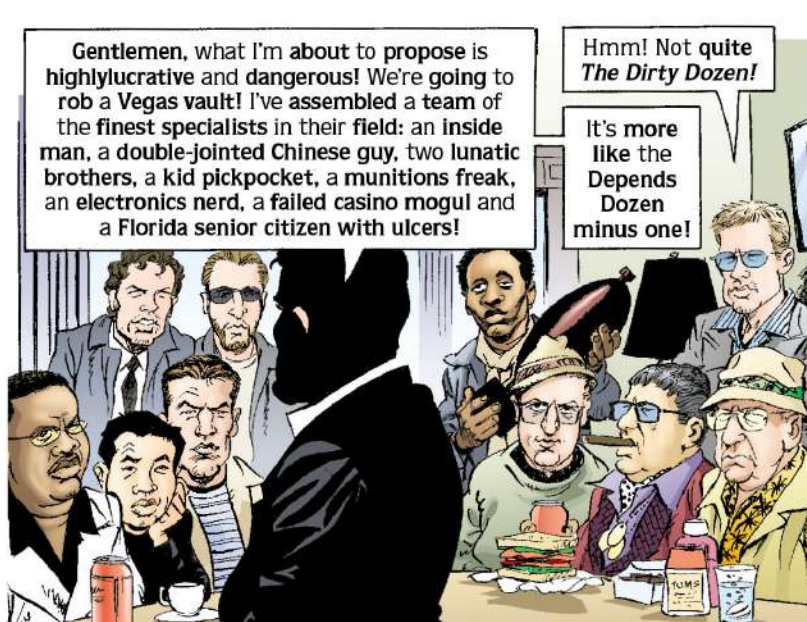
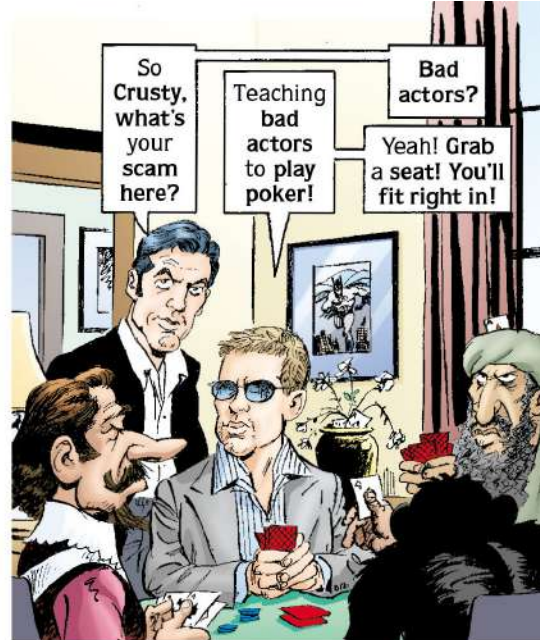
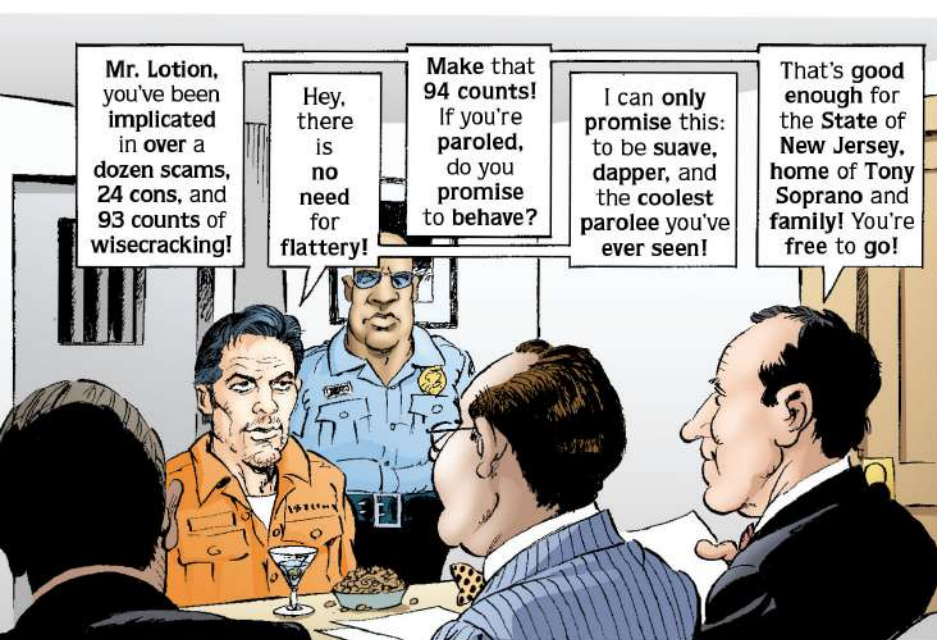
No, we don't!

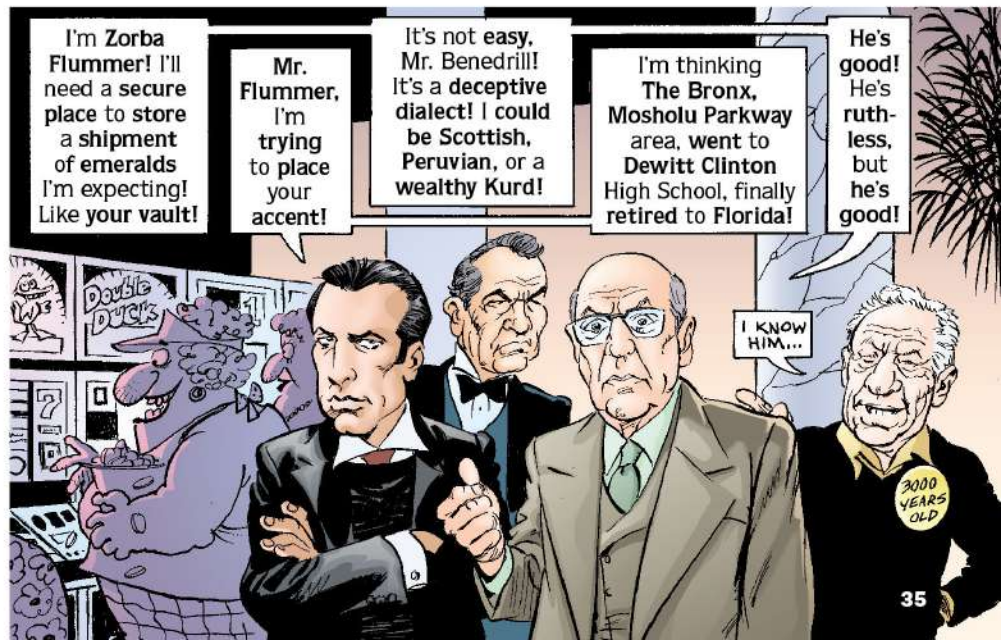
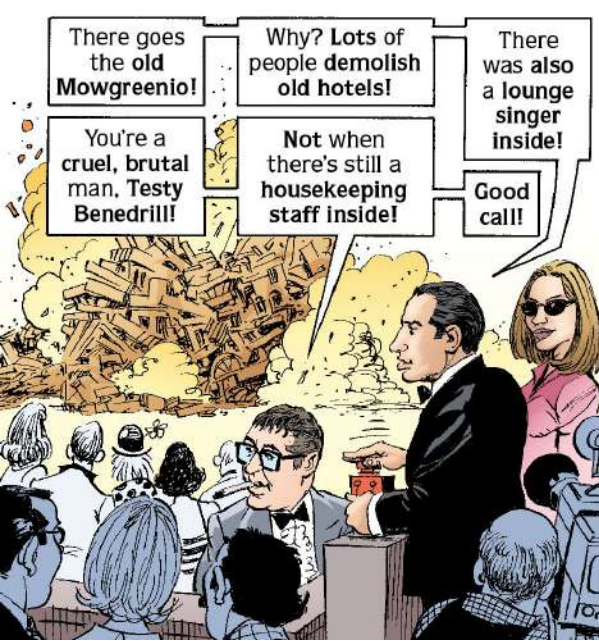
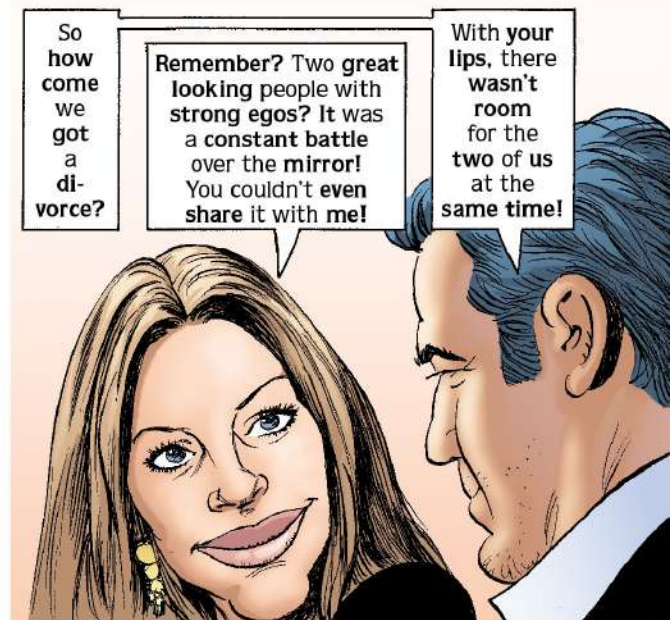
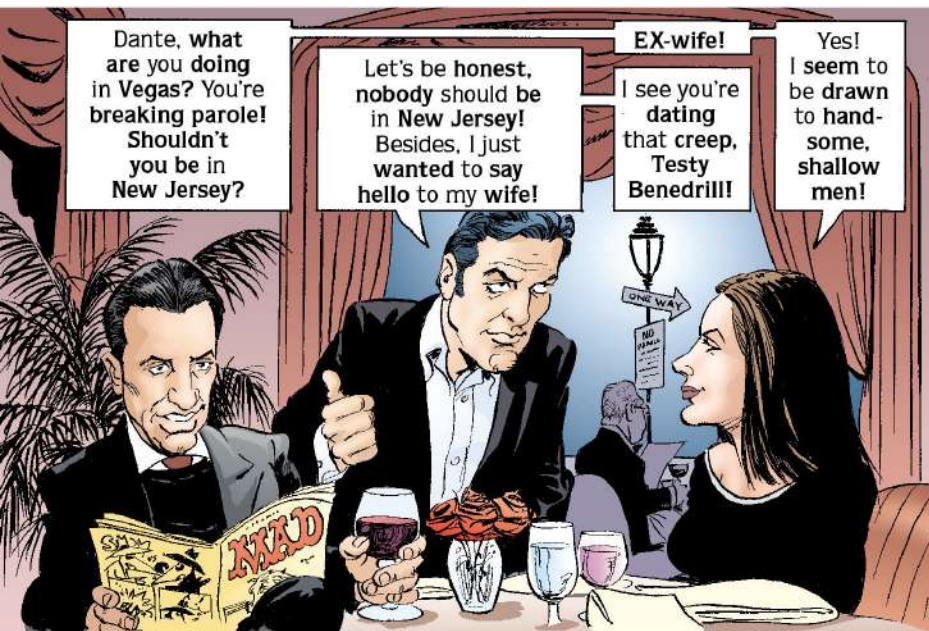
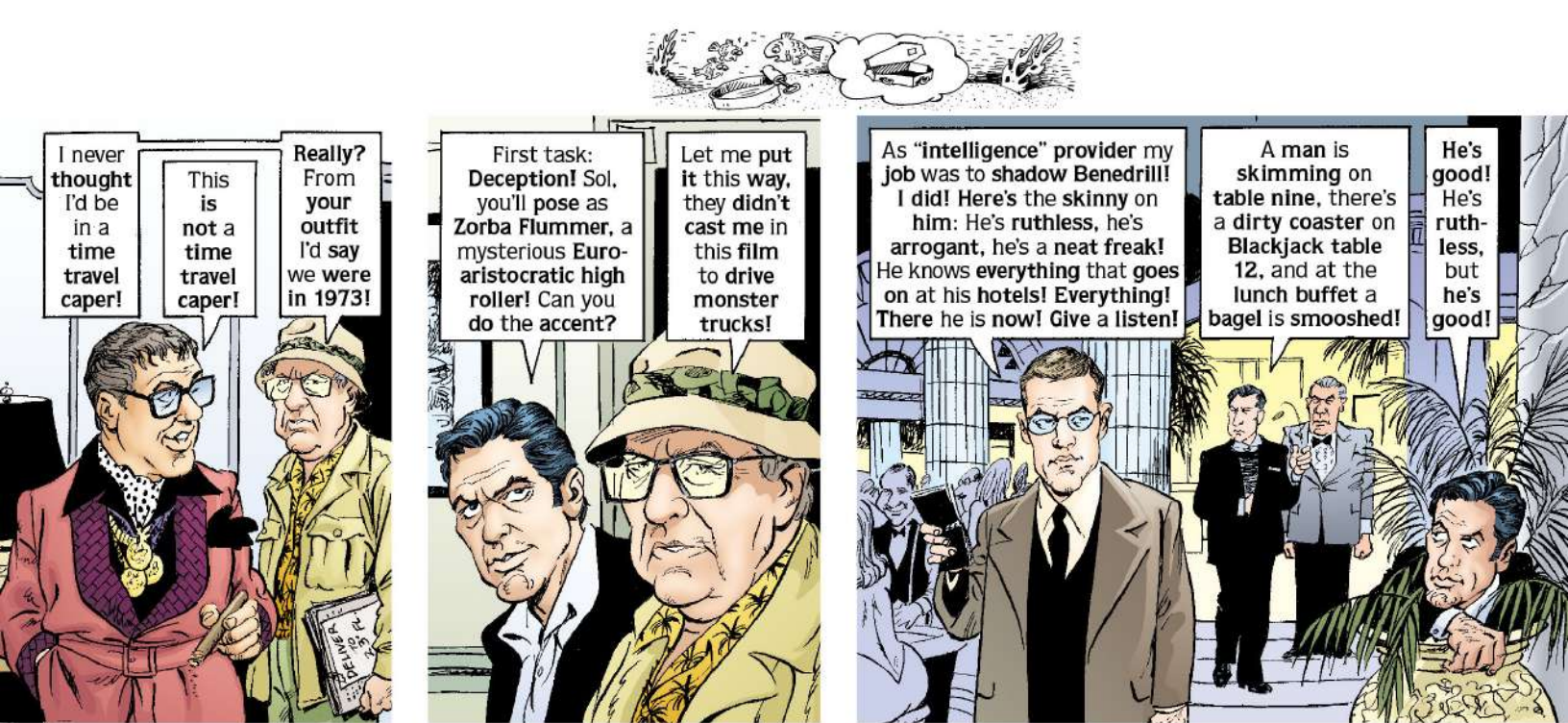
Are you laughing yet?

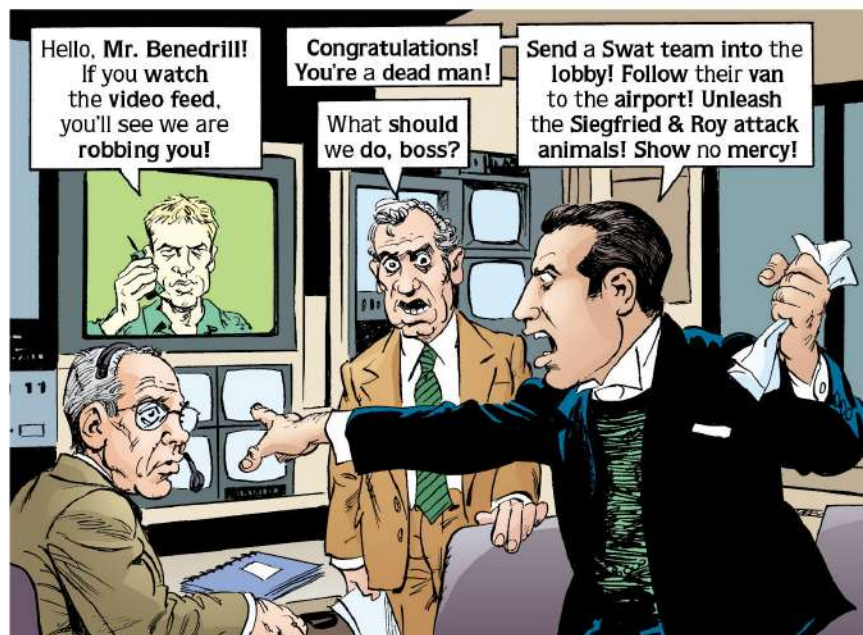
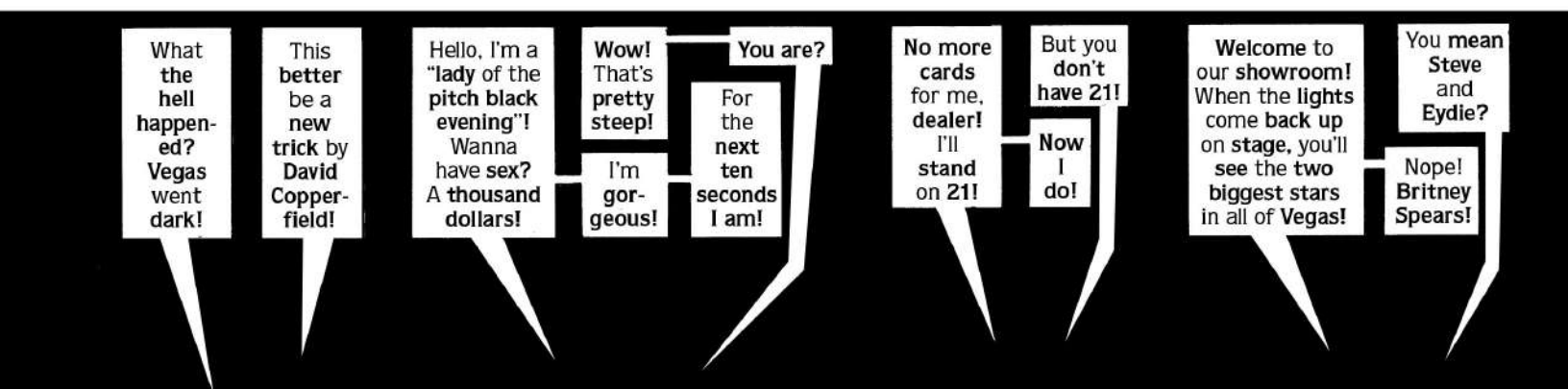


Later on you'll meet **Andy Garcia**, aka **Testy Benedrill**! He's the **second most powerful man in Vegas** after **Siegfried and Roy**! He's also **dating Julia Roberts**, aka my **former wife, Tush**! Julia's the **fifth prettiest person** in the film. Thank goodness **Gould** and **Reiner** aren't **hunks** or I think she would have **bolted this movie completely**!











It's all gone!
Where'd my money go?
I'm confused!

You're not alone, Mr. Benedrill!
Everyone's confused! You, the audience *and* the heist team!
Let me try to clear up the confusion—if that's possible!

It was all staged! Everything!
It was all a fake! We rigged the video remotes! You thought you were watching the vault! It was a fake vault!

The Swat team was fake! They were our guys posing as a Swat team!

That airport van you were following was driverless! It was steered by remote control!

And the act on your showroom stage was not Wayne Newton! It was one of our crew dressed as Wayne Newton!

They blew up the bags, Mr. Benedrill, but no money! The bags were filled with fliers for hookers!

Get rid of those things!

You may be needing them! Your girlfriend just left you!

Well, guys, we pulled off the perfect crime!

Scooby dooby doo! That was ring-a-ding-dull!

When this flick hits the screen without us in each scene—it's a bore-ay!

Ain't that a kick in the head?

They call this a perfect crime? No way!

Sure was! A perfect crime on the ticket paying audience!



In recent issues, MAD has presented songs praising two highly important areas in our lives—mainly Food and Pets. Since then, however, we have discovered that there is a third area even more powerful, even more time-consuming, even more important. Yessir, we've discovered that the most vital force in our lives today is our never-ending, mouth-watering quest for Wealth and Possessions! Join us now as we pay tribute to big-spenders, money-grubbers, status-seekers and fortune hunters with these . . .

SONGS OF WEALTH PROPERTY AND

THE CHARGE ACCOUNT CHANTY

(Sung to the tune of "Georgy Girl")



Hey, there—
Charge Account!
Going on another shopping spree!
Lucky thing for me the store can't see
My Bank account's bare!
I'm dead broke!

Hey, there—
Charge Account!
Gettin' lots of fancy clothes for free!
I still owe from '63—
But what the heck, I don't care!

But see that salesgirl checking my file and
wrecking my day!
She's just discovered that I don't pay!
She's telling me—

Goodbye, Charge Account!
Now I really feel like some poor schnook—
Giving back the clothes I took!
I don't have a stitch to wear!
I've been stripped bare
Of my Charge Account!

BALLAD FOR A BOOK-BUYER

(Sung to the tune of
"I Get A Kick Out Of You")

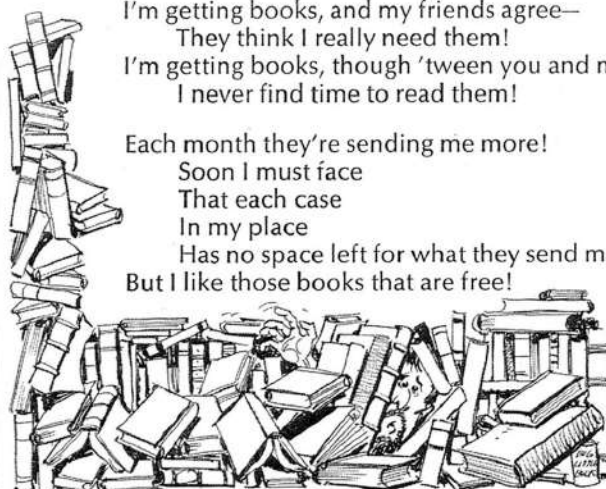
I'm joining book-clubs galore!
There is no end
To the books that they send!
And each time I buy two or three—
Then I get a book that is free!

I fill up shelves by the score!
I can't resist!
There's no novel I've missed!
'Cause when I get their list I foresee
That I'll get a book that is free!



I'm getting books, and my friends agree—
They think I really need them!
I'm getting books, though 'tween you and me
I never find time to read them!

Each month they're sending me more!
Soon I must face
That each case
In my place
Has no space left for what they send me!
But I like those books that are free!



SERENADE TO A SPORTS CAR

(Sung to the tune of "Born Free")



MG—
I live just to touch you!
When I double-clutch you,
MG, it gives me a thrill!

MG—
I love your ignition,
Your four-speed transmission,
Your points, your plugs and your grill!

MG—
When I look inside you,
The sight of each piston rod
Brings me closer to God!

MG—
I'll wash you and wax you!
If some Chevy smacks you,
I'll die, M... G...!



ALTH, POSSESSIONS, GREED, D CREEPING MATERIALISM

WRITER **FRANK JACOBS** ARTIST **GEORGE WOODBRIDGE**

BALLAD FOR A MINK COAT

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl That I Marry")



The mink I'm possessing,
It's plain to see,
Has given me su-per-i-or-i-ty!
Those gorgeous, costly pelts
Convince me I'm better than anyone else!
My friends flock around me when I stroll by!
They look at my coat with a jealous eye!
I'm concealing—
Not revealing—
With a second-hand Thrift-Shop I'm dealing!
A coat for impressing
The mink I'm possessing
Will be!

THE ART COLLECTOR'S LAMENT

(Sung to the tune of "Maria")

Picasso!
I just bought an oil by Picasso!
It didn't cost me much!
At 80 grand it's such
A steal!



Picasso!
An expert just saw my Picasso!
And suddenly I'm told
This painting I've been sold
Ain't real!



Picasso!
I am trying to serve a subpoena!
But the dealer's fled to Argentina!
Picasso!
I'm stuck with a phony Picasso!

ANTHEM FOR AN OVEN

(Sung to the tune of
"I'm Looking Over A Four-Leaf Clover")

We're really lovin'
Our brand-new oven!
There's nothing that thrills us more!
It's real expensive
With chrome on the door!
It's so extensive
It takes up a floor!
Cakes we're not baking—
No meals it's making—
That's not what we bought it for!
We can't deny it!
We had to buy it
To outdo the folks next door!



HYMN TO A RICH AUNT

(Sung to the tune of
"You're A Grand Old Flag")

She's a mean old bag!
She's a nasty old bag!
And forever she's filled us with hate!
But we treat her sweet
And kiss her feet
And tell her we think that she's great!

Let her curse at us!
We will not raise a fuss
When she starts in to scream and nag!
For we all are counting what we'll get
From the will of that mean old bag!



HYMN TO A HI-FI SYSTEM

(Sung to the tune of
"There's No Business Like Show Business")

There's no Hi-Fi
That's more Hi-Fi
Than my Hi-Fi
Is Hi!

Music through my pre-amp sounds real clear now!
There's no hiss or rumble I can't squelch!
Every single sound can reach my ear now!
I even hear now
Stokowski belch!



There's no system
Like my system—
The best money can buy!

I don't like to brag how good my speakers are,
But when I turn up the sound real far,
I can hear the dandruff fall from Ringo Starr!

That's why
I've got Hi-Fi!

SONG FOR A SLEEP-IN MAID

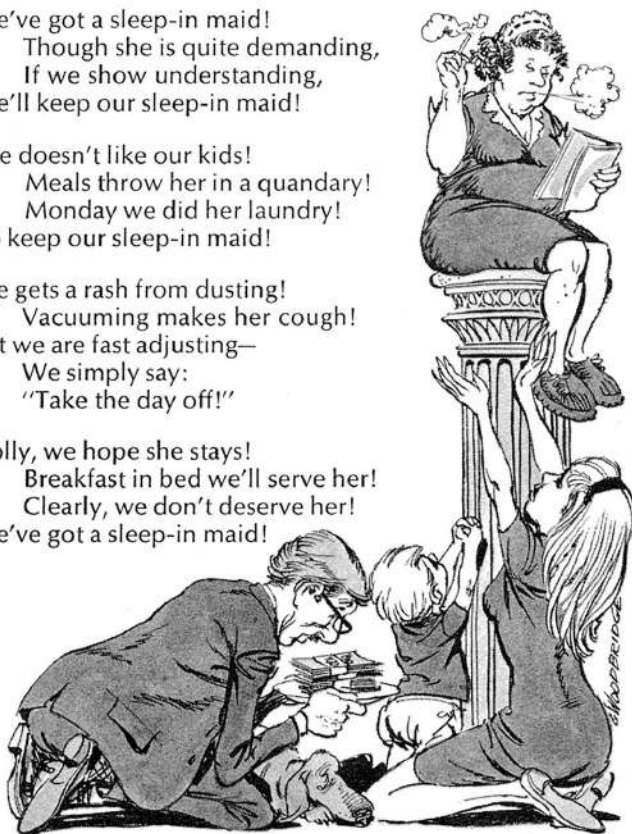
(Sung to the tune of
"I'm In The Mood For Love")

We've got a sleep-in maid!
Though she is quite demanding,
If we show understanding,
We'll keep our sleep-in maid!

She doesn't like our kids!
Meals throw her in a quandary!
Monday we did her laundry!
To keep our sleep-in maid!

She gets a rash from dusting!
Vacuuming makes her cough!
But we are fast adjusting—
We simply say:
"Take the day off!"

Golly, we hope she stays!
Breakfast in bed we'll serve her!
Clearly, we don't deserve her!
We've got a sleep-in maid!



THE ANTIQUE WALTZ

(Sung to the tune of
"My Cup Runneth Over")

At seven this morning I wake with a start—
The bed that's beneath me is falling apart!
My antique piano caves in with a klunk!
My house runneth over
With juh-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

A few moments later a lamp-shade comes loose
And falls on the head of that giant, stuffed moose!
I fracture my toe on an old, rusty trunk!
My house runneth over
With juh-hu-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

The air is all musty; the furniture reeks—
And yet I keep going on buying antiques!
I wish I could stop, but I guess that I'm sunk!
My house runneth over with juh-uh-uh-unk—
With juh-unk, with juh-unk, with juh-uh-unk!



MELODY FOR A MILLIONAIRE

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl From Ipanema")



Short and fat and bald and ugly,
The guy from Jersey City is loaded,
And when she sees him, my girl she lets out a "Wow!"
Strings of pearls and diamond bracelets
And coats of mink are what he gives her
And now I'm knowing just why my girl she went "Wow!"

True—he looks dumpy and funny!
Still—she does not seem to mind it!
She—likes the smell of his money!
But one day she will come back to me—
Then she'll love me 'cause I will be

Short and fat and bald and ugly,
The guy from Jersey City who's loaded,
And she'll be liking that smell of money on me!
And we'll have a spree!
Though I'm eighty-three!

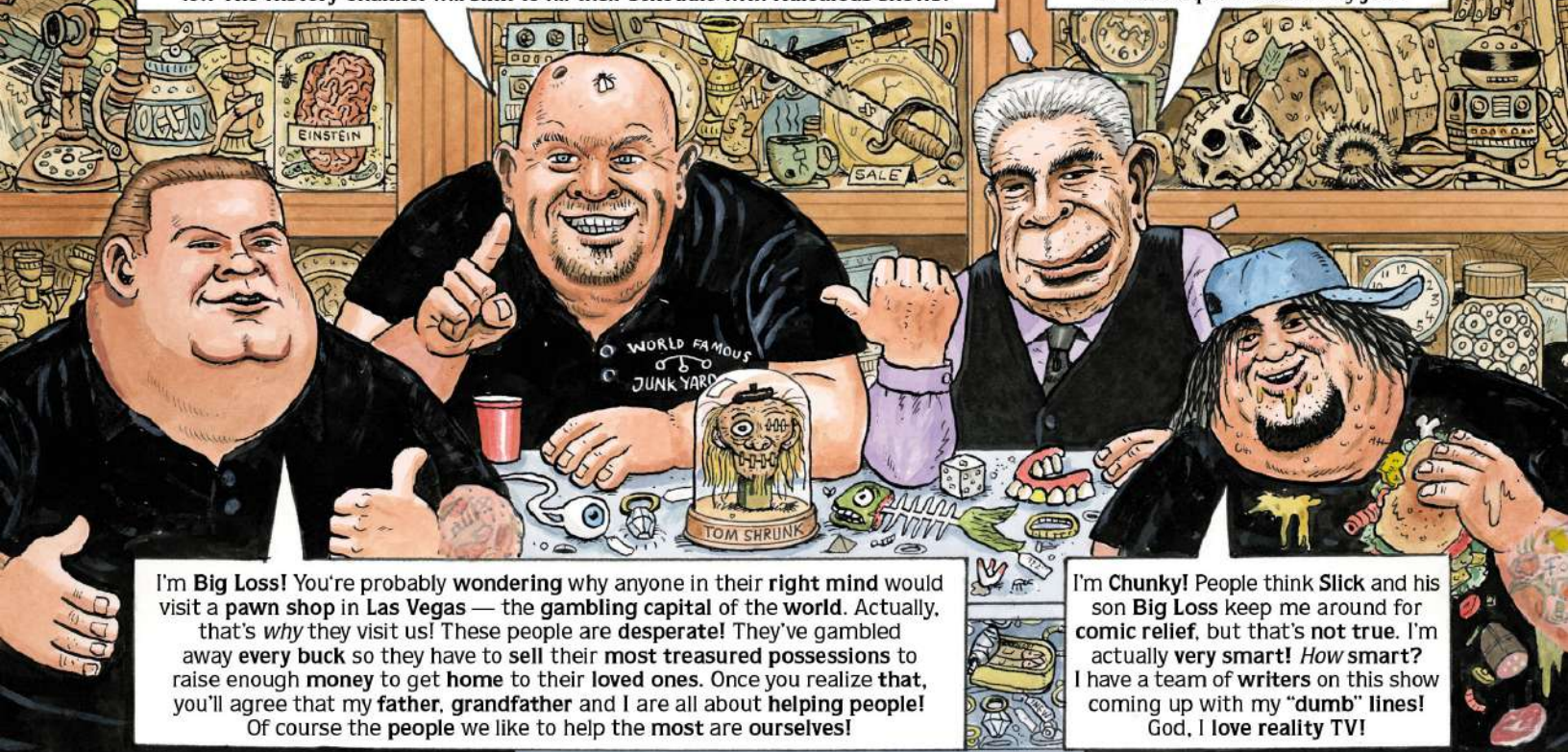


Have a piece of crap in the attic you think might be worth a fortune? You don't have to wait until *Antiques Roadshow* comes to your town. Just schlep it out to Vegas where four very laid-back people will check it out when, and if, they feel like it. We're talking about the...

YAWN! Stars

I'm **Slick Hair-is-Gone** and this is my pawn shop! I work here with my old man and my son, **Big Loss**. There are **three things** I learned after **21 years** in the pawn shop business. One, you never know what **weird crap** people are gonna drag in to try and sell. Well, actually we **always** know because the producers have **pre-screened** it to make sure it makes for a **good episode**! But **play along** for the sake of the show. **Two**, you never get over how **easy** it is to **buy** that **crap** and **unload** it on some **sucker** who thinks he's getting a **bargain**! And **three**, you never know how low **The History Channel** will sink to fill their schedule with **ridiculous shows**!

My son **Slick** owns the shop because I **left** it to him in my **will**! Technically I'm not dead, but I do so little around here that **Slick** just assumed I was and took over the shop! My main responsibilities are to **annoy** my son and my **two-ton grandson** and to take naps. I excel at my job!



I'm **Big Loss**! You're probably wondering why anyone in their **right mind** would visit a pawn shop in Las Vegas — the **gambling capital of the world**. Actually, that's **why** they visit us! These people are **desperate**! They've gambled away **every buck** so they have to sell their most **treasured possessions** to raise enough **money** to get **home** to their **loved ones**. Once you realize that, you'll agree that my **father**, **grandfather** and I are all about **helping people**! Of course the **people** we like to help the most are **ourselves**!

I'm **Chunky**! People think **Slick** and his son **Big Loss** keep me around for **comic relief**, but that's **not true**. I'm actually **very smart**! **How smart**? I have a team of **writers** on this show coming up with my "**dumb**" lines! God, I love **reality TV**!

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **TOM BUNK**

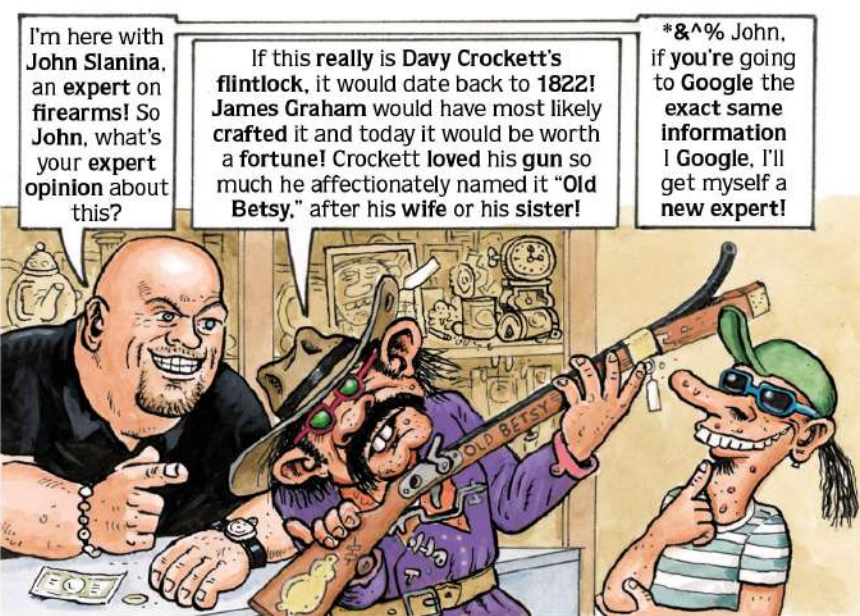
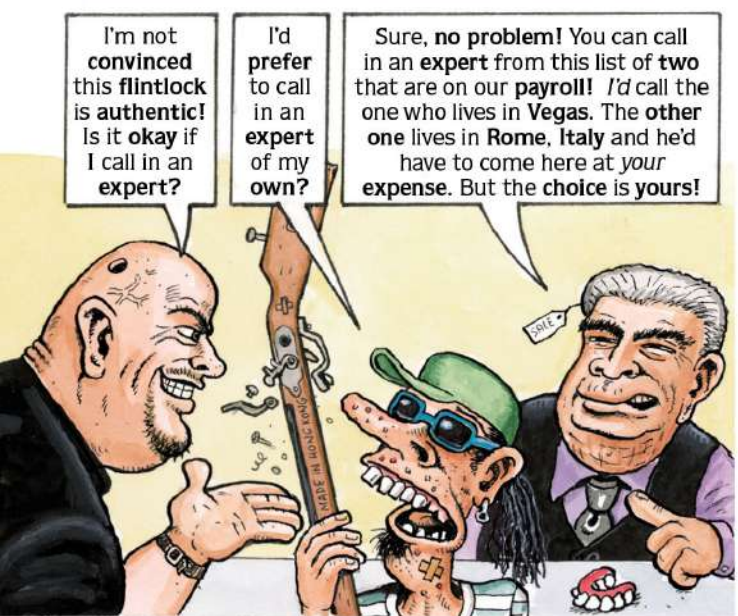
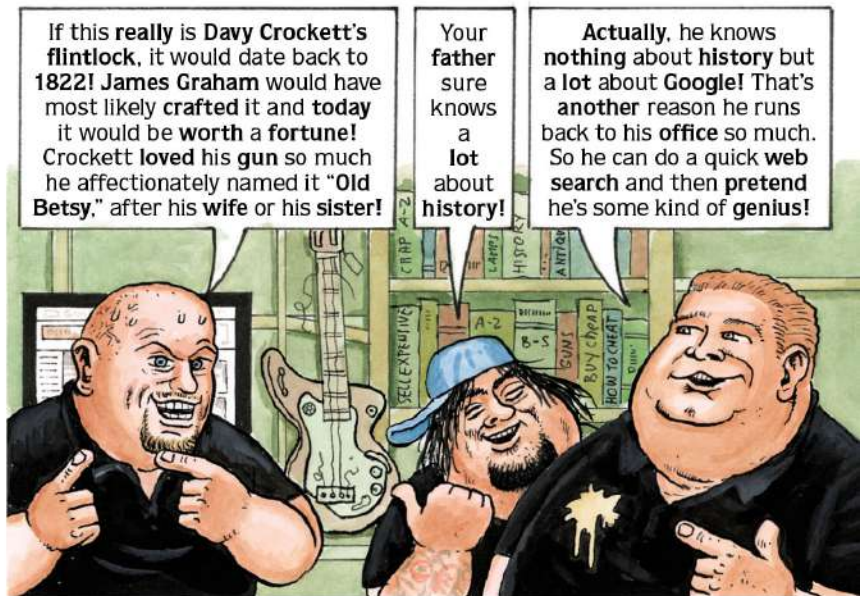
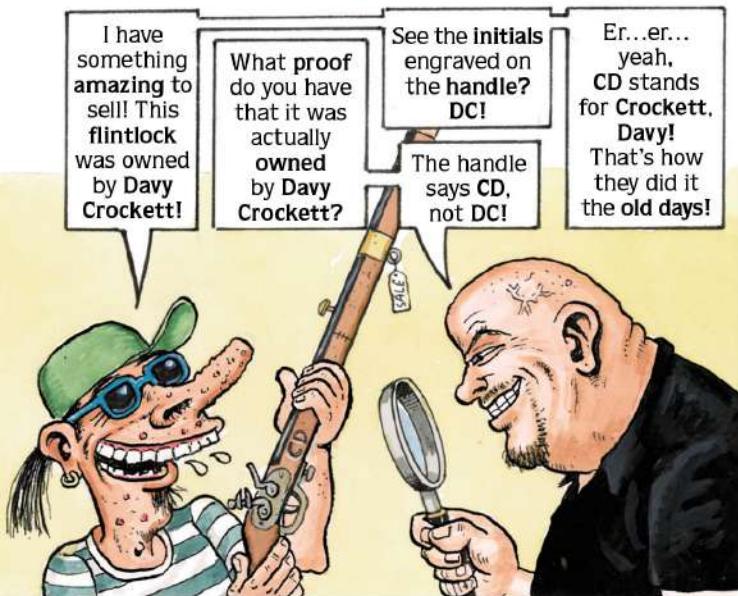
Here's how the **show** works: I come back here to my **office** where the customer **can't hear** me and I tell the **TV audience** how much I **really** want to **buy** an item someone's brought in and how much I'm willing to **pay**.

Meanwhile, **outside** the shop, the **customer** tells the **TV audience** how much they'd like to get for the item they brought in and what's the **lowest** amount of money they'll take.

There's just **one difference**! The customer can't hear what I'm prepared to **pay**, but the **producers** secretly tell me what the **lowest** amount of money the customer is willing to **take**!

That's why the odds of us **making money** here in the pawn shop are **100 times better** than the money the slots make for the **casinos**!





This is the **original** envelope Abraham Lincoln used when he wrote the **Gettysburg Address**! See, it's **right there** on the **back**!

Well, now I know you're **lying**!

What makes you say I'm lying?

Because any idiot knows the address goes on the **front** of the envelope!



This isn't **that** kind of address. This is the **original**, famous Lincoln's **Gettysburg Address**!

Wow, I get it now! Can I hold it?

Okay, but don't **sme**ar the ink! It's not dry yet. Ink from a **fountain pen** takes a **long time** to dry!

Sorry, pal, I still need **proof** this is **real**! See if you can get me Lincoln's **cell phone number** so I can give him a call and ask him about it. Then come **back** and we'll talk. I'm not stupid, you know!



What's the most important thing Slick considers before making an offer?

- A. How good it looks on camera.
- B. How much he can B.S. about the item.
- C. How likely Chunky is to make a stupid comment about it?

Answer:

D: How stupid Chunky will look playing with it on camera.



This is Sick Restorations. When we buy collectables that are in sad shape we bring them here. Sick is the master at making the old **new** again! Just yesterday we brought Sick a rusted out 1907 Harley Davidson Motorcycle!

It was a **total disaster**, but we only paid \$50 for it!

That was thanks to me you paid \$50! The guy was looking for between \$35 and \$40. I was the one who talked him up to \$50. Wait a minute — I think I screwed up again! Darn!



This is it! The entire **frame** was **rusty**, so I **replaced** it. The **engine** was **frozen**, so I put in a bigger, **better** one. The instruments on the dash were **beyond repair**, so I **replaced** them. New **gas tank**, new **lights**, new **upholstery**!

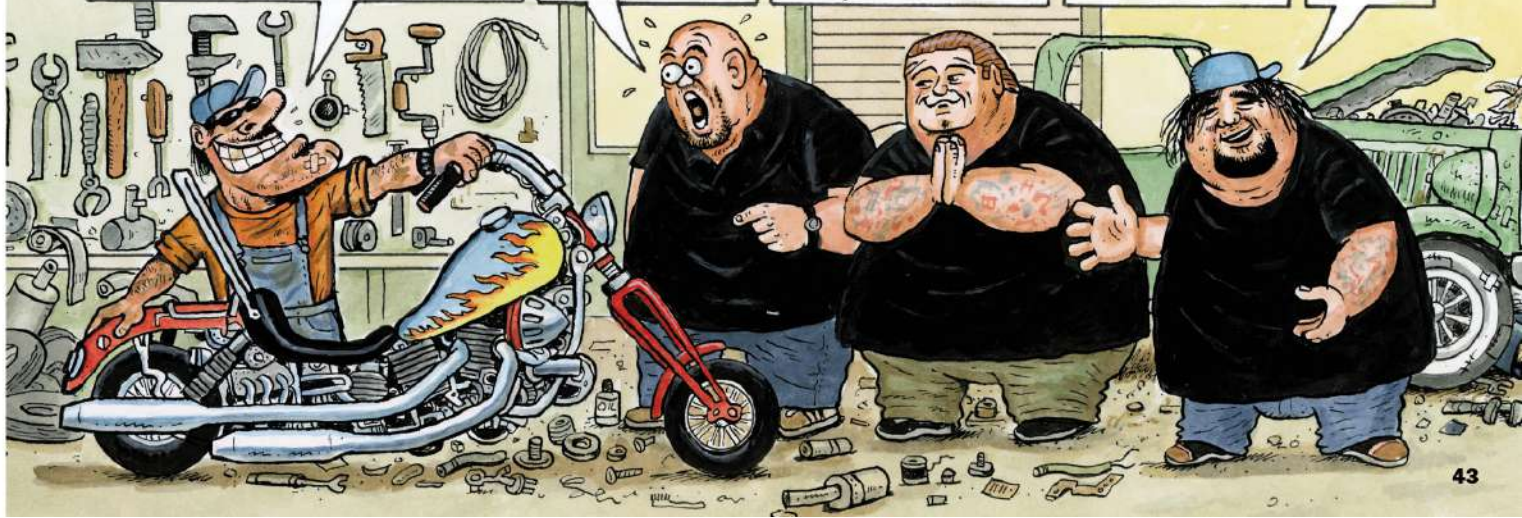
My God, this is your **best job** ever! It looks **brand new**! What'd you spend?

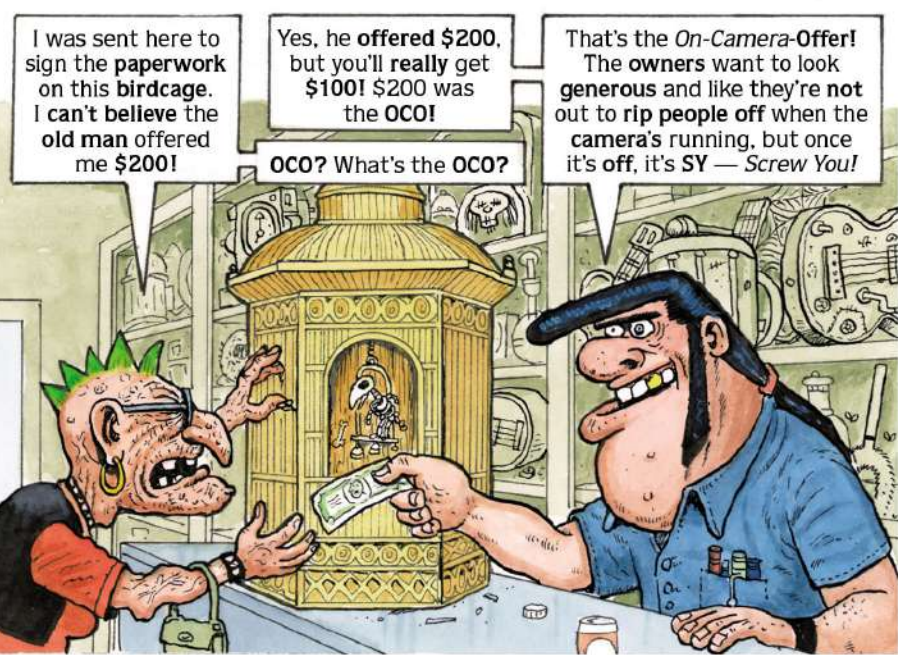
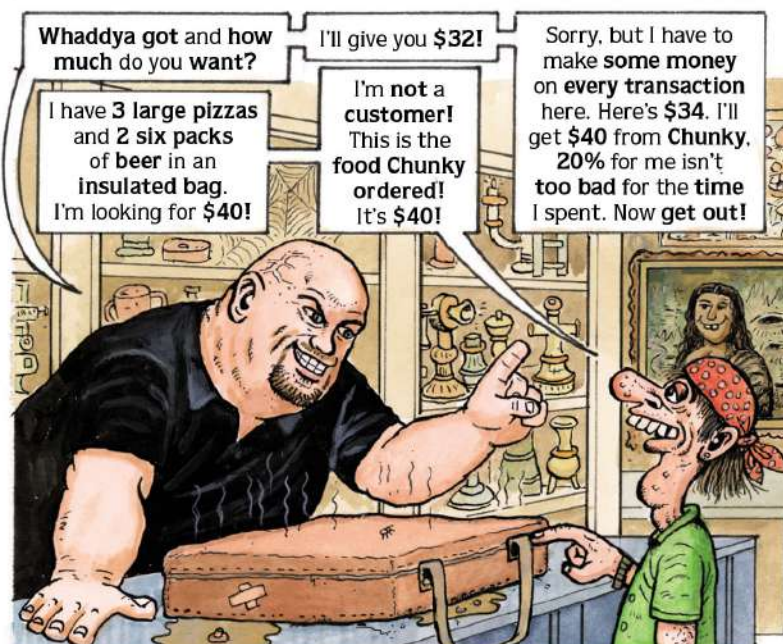
Probably more than you wanted, \$18,000.

\$18,000! I could have bought a **brand new Harley** for that amount!

Actually, I'll tell you the **truth**. That's **exactly** what I did! **No one** could save that **hunk of crap** you brought in!

Look at the **bright side** — we only **lost \$50** on the deal!





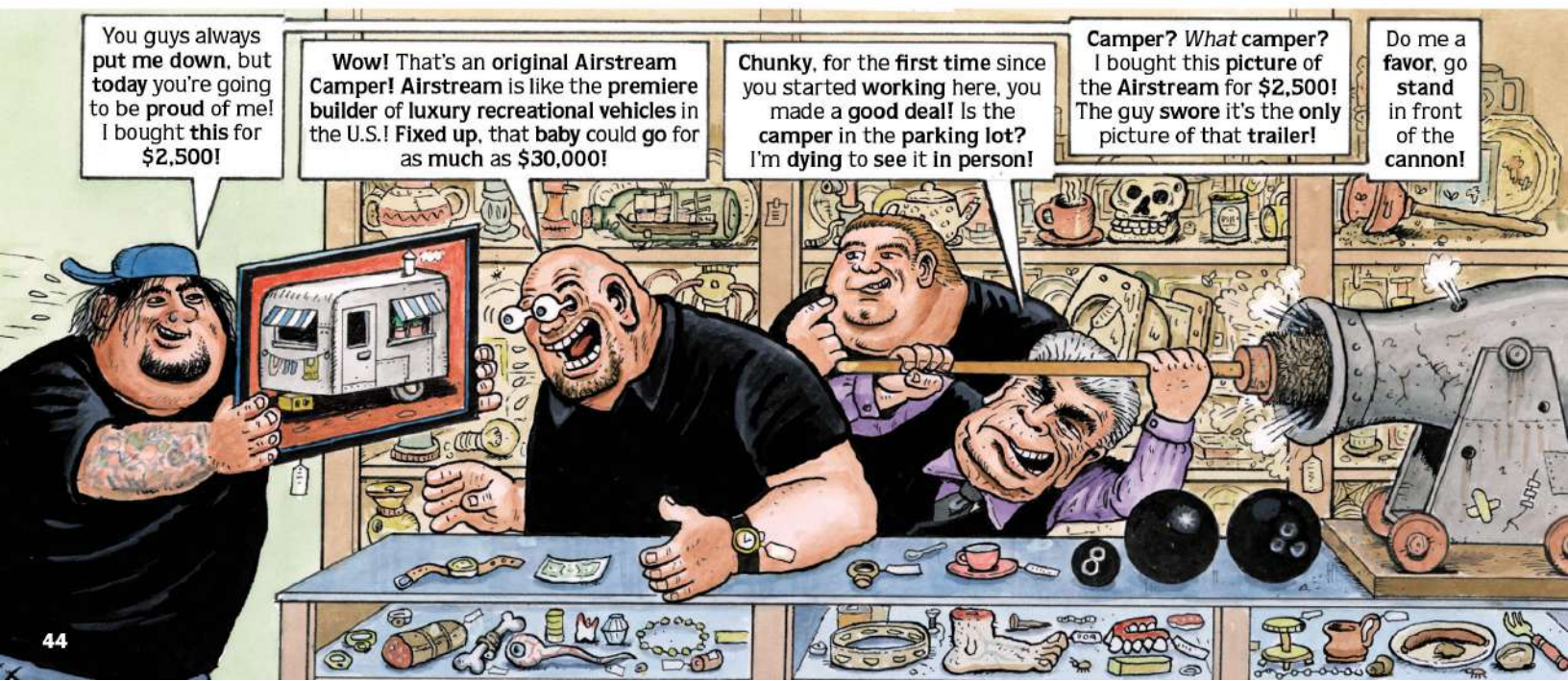
What did Chunky have for breakfast?

- A. 3 dozen pancakes at IHOP
- B. 7 orders of French toast at Burger King
- C. 10 Egg McMuffins with sausage at McDonalds

Answer: Yes.

A man with a beard and a blue cap is eating food. He is wearing a black shirt with "VIVA ELVIS" written on it. A speech bubble says "BURP!".

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #510, AUG 2011





Have you ever wondered why some poor shlub who tries to declare his 40-inch TV as a business expense ends up arguing with his cellmate over who gets to be the wife, while billion-dollar companies like U.S. Steel and Exxon get their tax refunds personally hand-delivered by the Secretary of the Treasury? Well, have you? Nah—knowing you, you're way too busy wondering what Darkwing Duck looks like naked! So we'll let you enjoy your own private mind-pluck, while you completely ignore...

YOU'RE A CROOK



WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN**
ARTIST **GEORGE WOODBRIDGE**

YOU'RE A BUSINESSMAN

If you intimidate store owners into paying protection money with the threat that if they don't cough it up they just might lose everything
-You're A Crook



But if you happen to own a sports team, and treat an entire city the same way
-You're A Businessman

If you insist on an extra 25% charge for making sure that "nothing gets broke or lost"
-You're A Crook



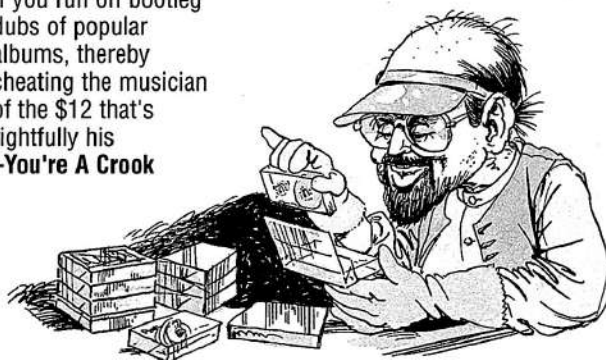
But if you impose the same fee for handing out the concert tickets that a machine just spit out
-You're A Businessman

If you hire thugs and goons to bust a union
-You're A Crook



But if you hire Congressmen to do it
-You're A Businessman

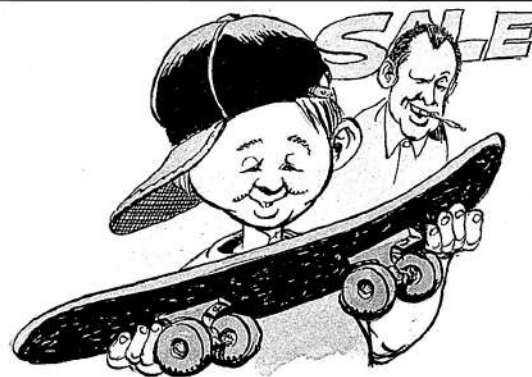
If you run off bootleg dubs of popular albums, thereby cheating the musician of the \$12 that's rightfully his
-You're A Crook



But if your attorneys dream up a contract that pays the same musician about \$12 for every million albums he sells
-You're A Businessman

CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK

If you break thumbs and crack kneecaps to make a buck
— You're A Crook



But if you sell a skateboard or rollerblades to every putz who comes into your store, so he can go out and do the job himself
— You're A Businessman

If you try to get someone to work for your company at less than the minimum wage
— You're A Crook



But if you put your company in Ryder vans and move it to a nearby country where you can hire a dozen workers for less than the cost of a can of Pepsi
— You're A Businessman

If you make cheap video copies of *Die Hard* and *Pulp Fiction* to sell on the corner or at shady street fairs
— You're A Crook



But if you produce cheap rip-offs of those films to sell in actual video stores
— You're A Businessman

If your business involves loaning people free money, but making them cough up outrageous interest rates if they're even one second late in paying
— You're A Crook

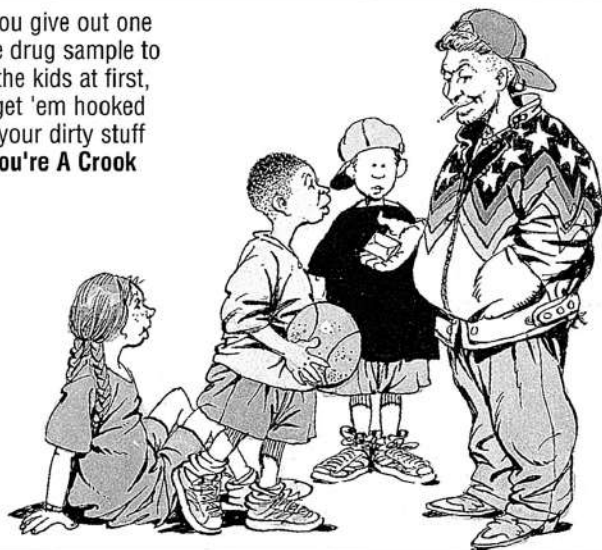


But if you're the president of Visa, Discover or American Express
— You're A Businessman

ANBUSINESSMANBUSINESSMAN

KCROOKKCROOKKCROOKKCROO

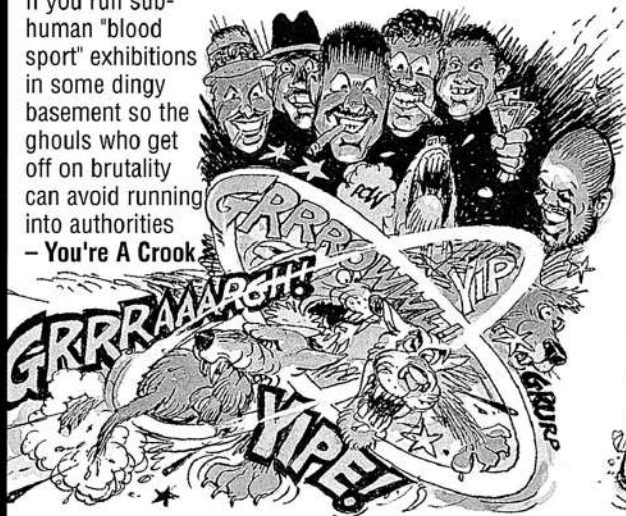
If you give out one free drug sample to all the kids at first, to get 'em hooked on your dirty stuff – **You're A Crook**



But if you descramble the Disney Channel for just one weekend, to get those brats to scream until Mom and Dad pony up the 10 bucks a month

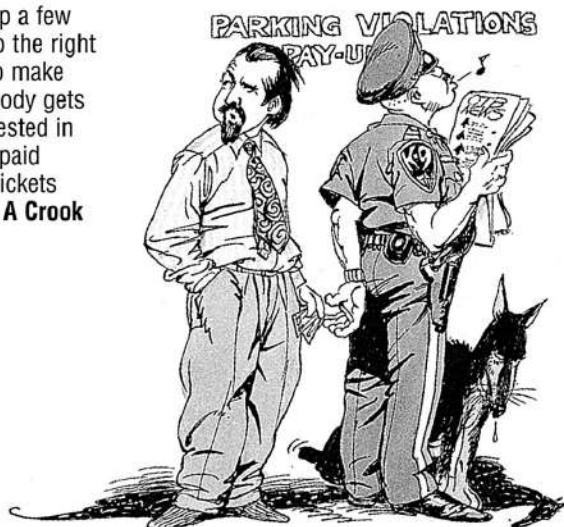
— You're A Businessman

If you run sub-human "blood sport" exhibitions in some dingy basement so the ghouls who get off on brutality can avoid running into authorities
- You're A Crook

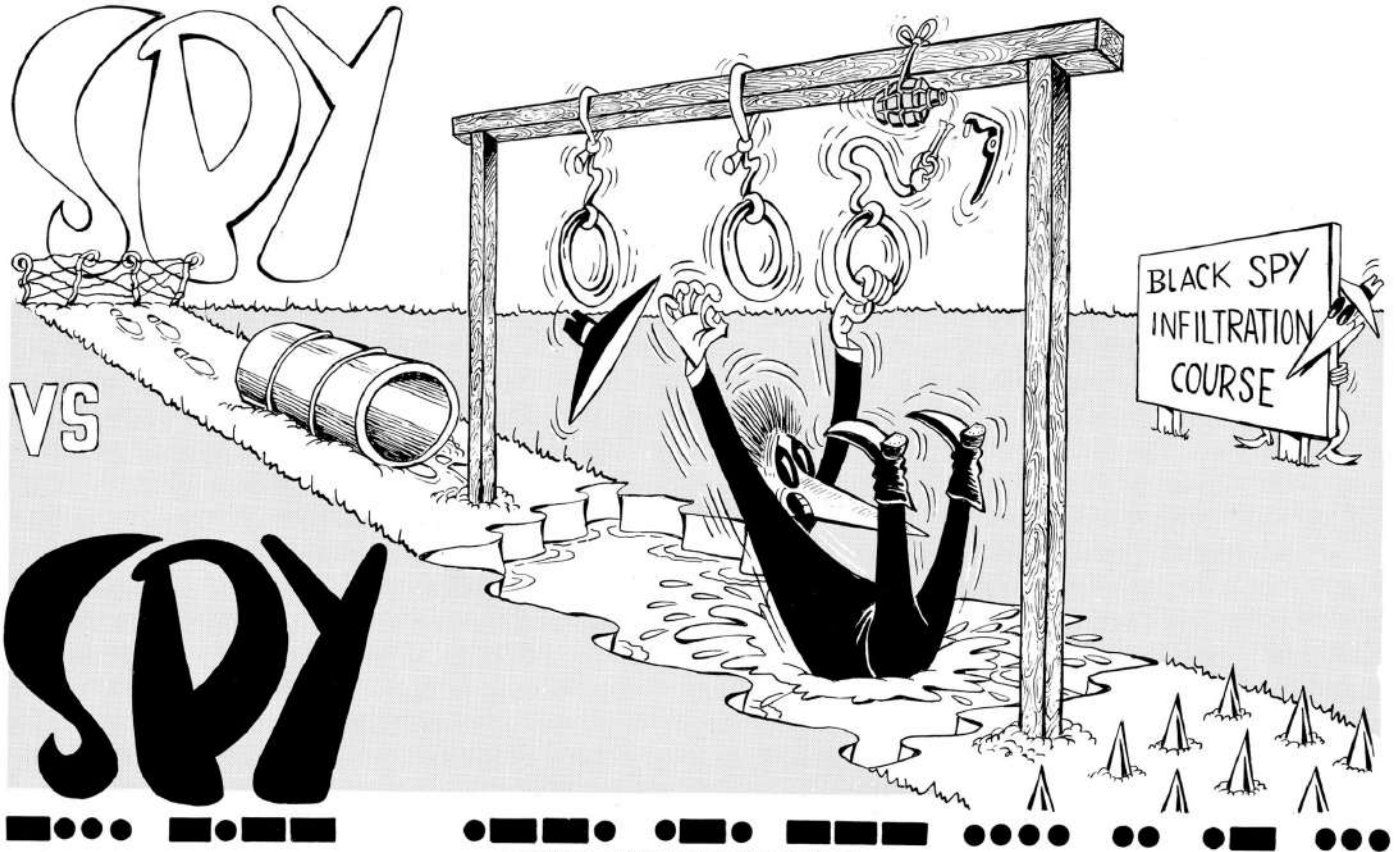


But if you
call the
whole thing
the "Ultimate"
something-
or-other
and put
it on
pay-per-view
— You're A
Businessman

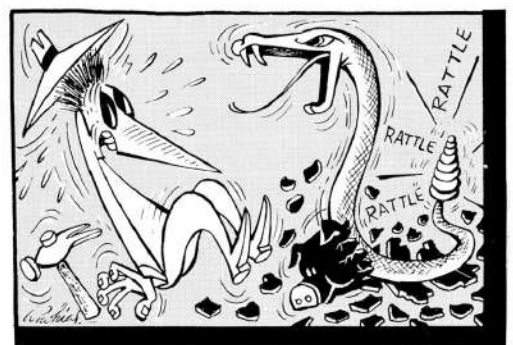
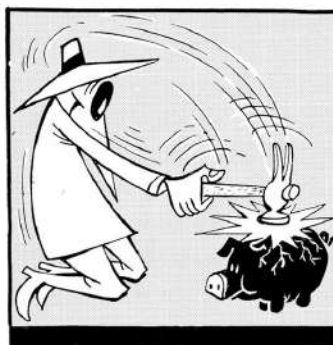
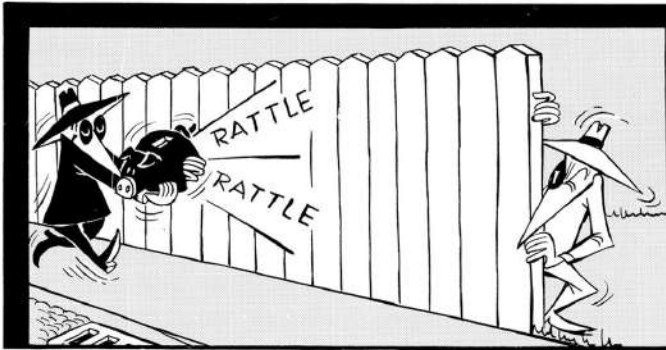
If you slip a few dollars to the right people to make sure nobody gets too interested in those unpaid parking tickets — **You're A Crook**



But if you slip
a few million
dollars to the
people who
can make sure
nobody sees
those pesky
research papers
that show how
your cigarettes
cause cancer
— **You're A
Businessman**



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS

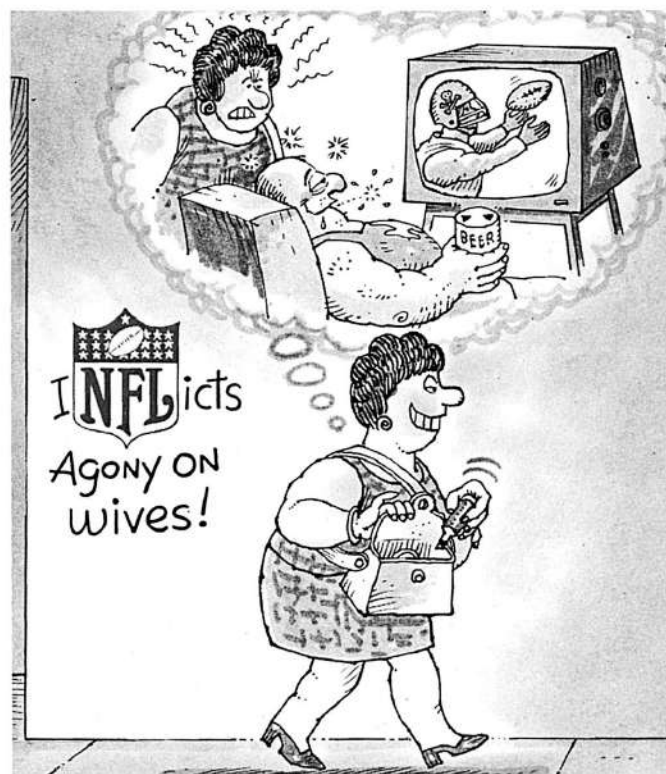
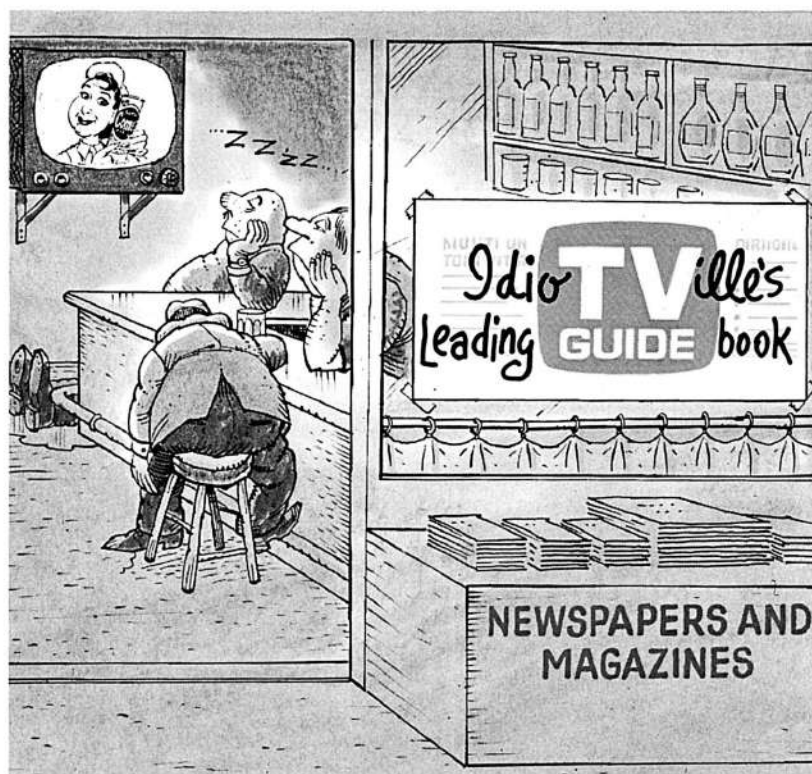
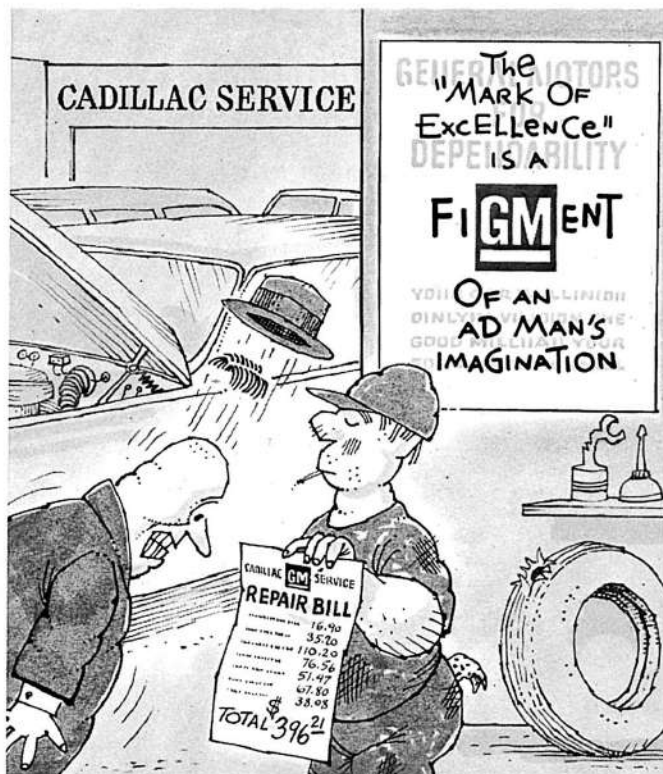


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #118, APR 1968



Spray cans and magic markers are changing the face of America. Every day, new bits of irreverence shudder to think what might happen if those graffiti rascals ever started attacking that holy of

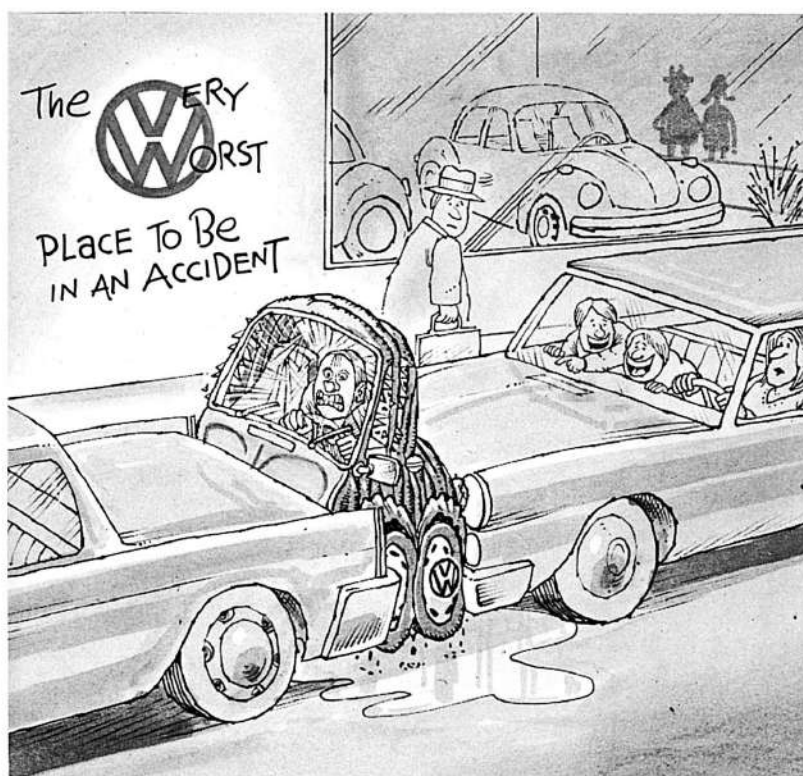
TRADEMARK

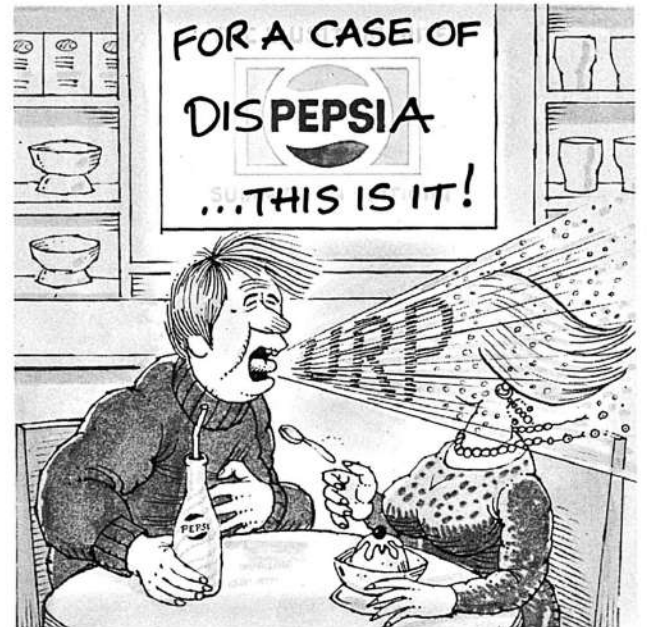
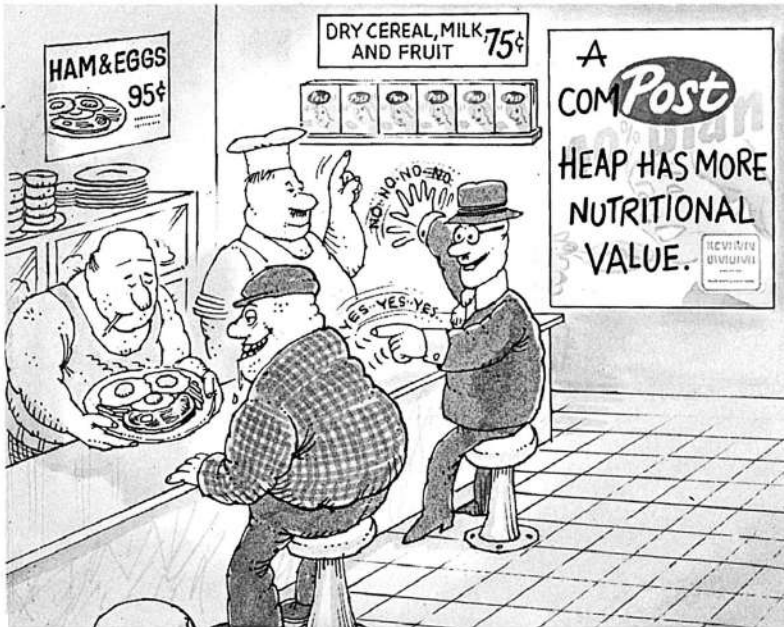
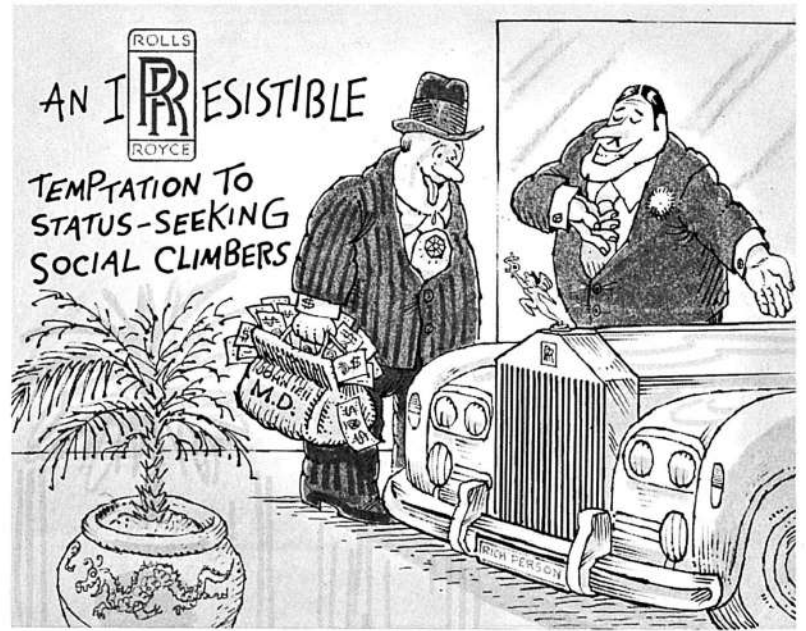


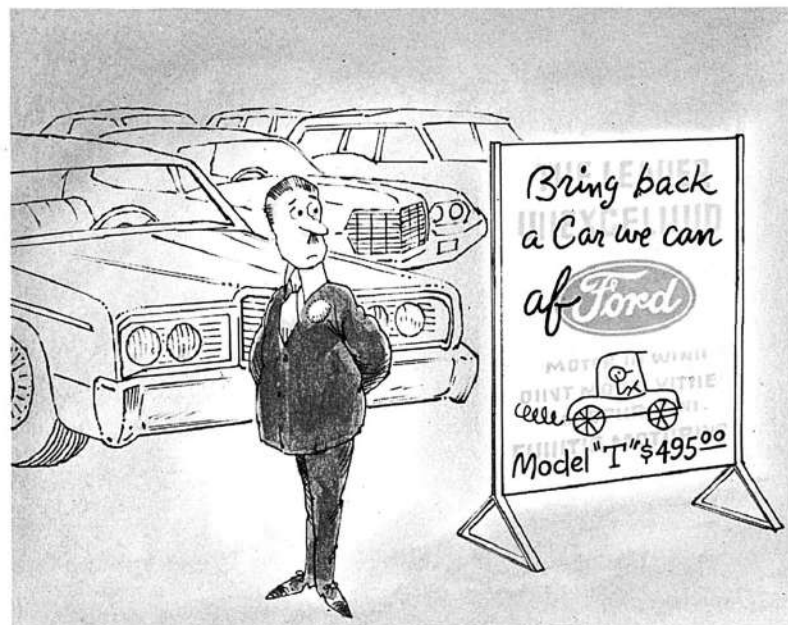
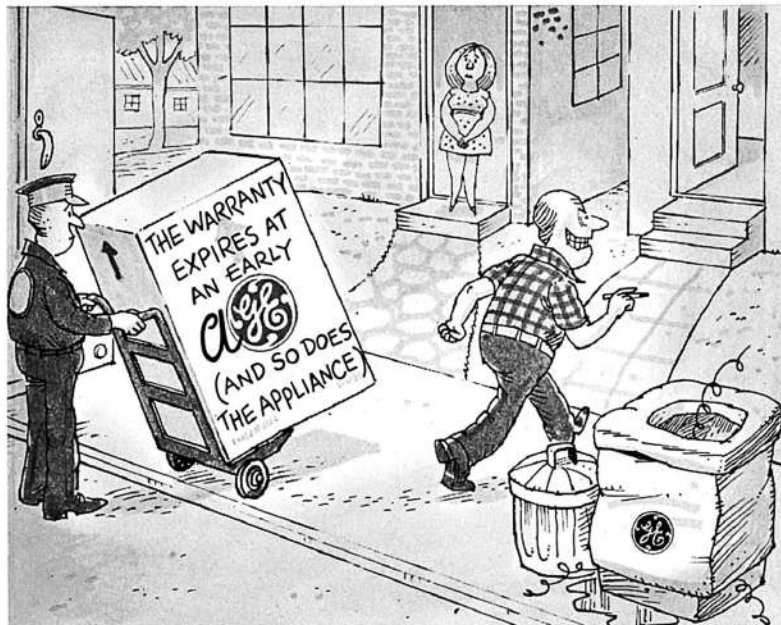
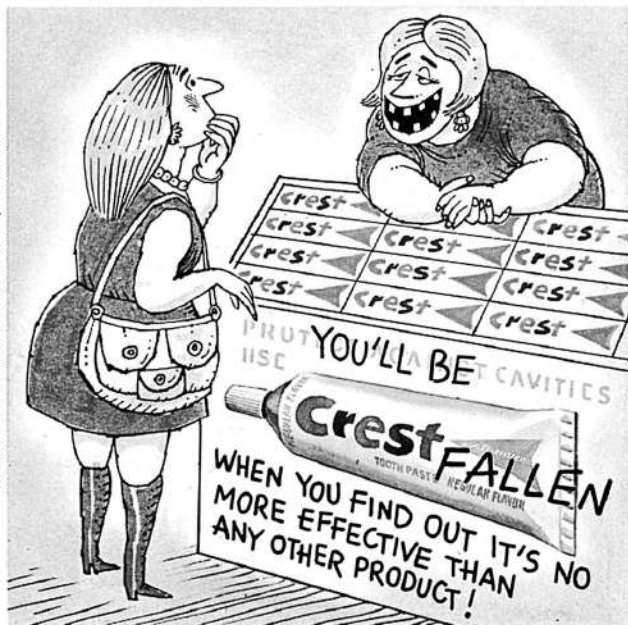
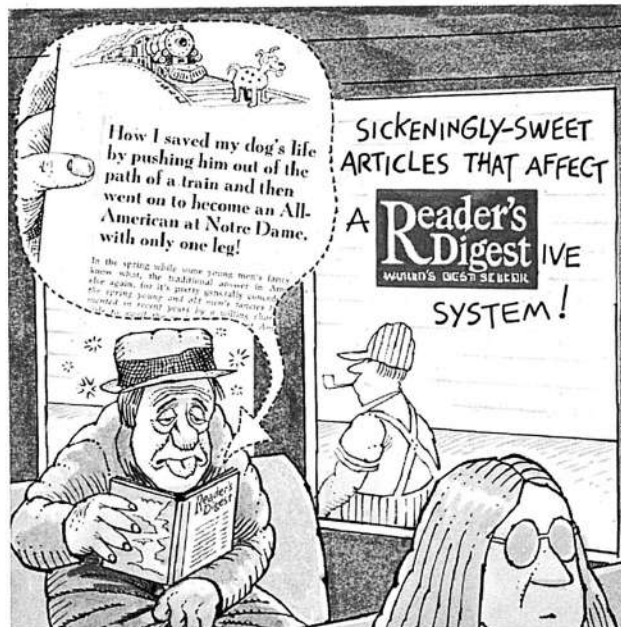
are added to trains, buses, buildings, billboards and any other available surface. We at MAD
holies, the corporate signature. Here are some of the horrors (heh-heh!) that could occur with...

GRAFFITI

WRITER & ARTIST
AL JAFFEE





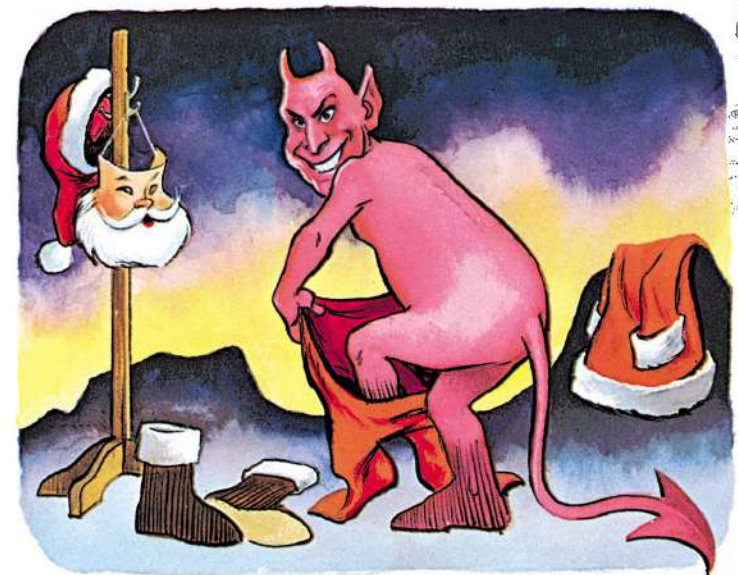




CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

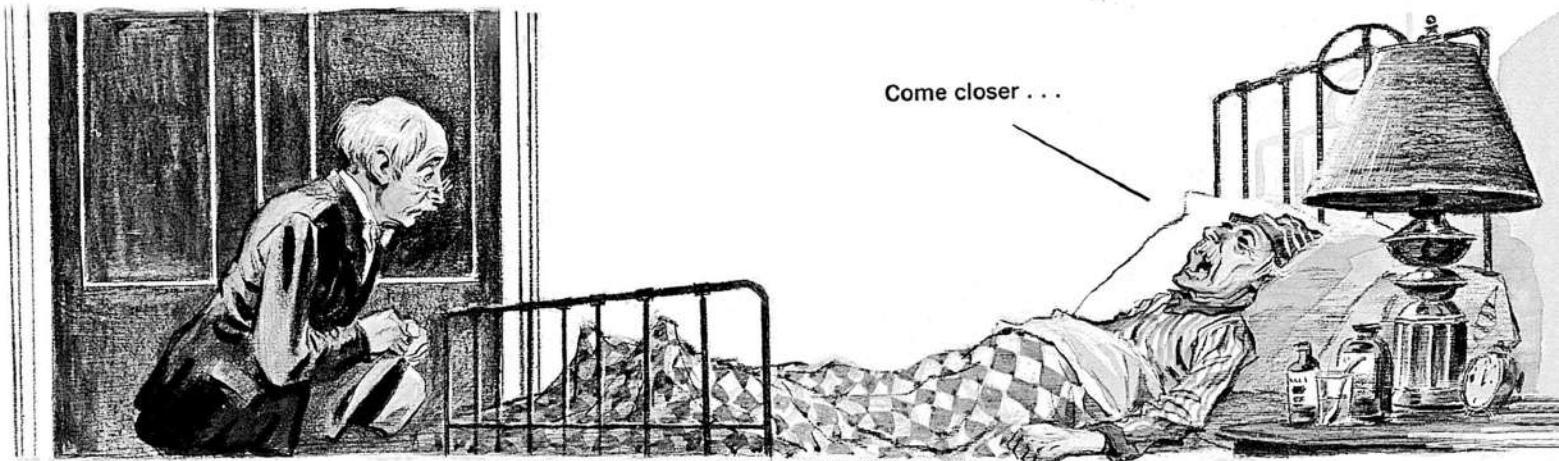


WRITER **AL JAFFEE** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #156, JAN 1973

THE PARTING SHOT



WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST JOE ORLANDO

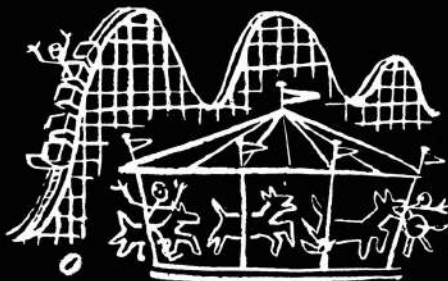


LAST TAG!!





SLOBBY BOBBY HAD \$2.00!

HE SPENT HIS \$2.00 ON
AMUSEMENT PARK RIDES!SLOBBY BOBBY GOT SICK
TO HIS STOMACH!

SILLY TILLIE HAD \$2.00!

SHE SPENT HER \$2.00 ON
ICE CREAM, CANDY, AND SODA!SILLY TILLIE GOT SICK
TO HER STOMACH!

SMARTY MARTY HAD \$2.00!

HE SPENT HIS \$2.00 ON
A SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD!SMARTY MARTY GOT SICK
TO HIS STOMACH 9 TIMES!

...BE SURE TO GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH!

WRITER HARVEY KURTZMAN ARTIST AL FELDSTEIN

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WHAT WORLD
HEAVYWEIGHT
HAS RECENTLY
TAKEN A DIVE?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW **MAD FOLD-IN**

When formidable contenders take a beating, they can lose their sense of self-worth. While in a downward spiral, the prospect of short-term gains can cloud their judgement, prompting rash decisions. To see the renowned heavyweight in question, fold in page as shown on right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



THE ALL-OR-NOTHING STAKES OF CONTACT SPORTS CAN DRIVE MIGHTY
CHAMPS TO RUIN—TEMPTATION CAN TURN THEM INTO TOY
DOLLS USED BY BAD ACTORS FOR FINANCIAL GAIN. AS VULGAR
AS THE IDEA MAY BE, IT IS SADLY A COMMON PRACTICE.



WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**





PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS WHO KEEPS HIS MONEY IN HIS SHOES

Bootyrest...for the Money that Can Buy Happiness

Good night, sweet principal!

Here's a thought to sleep on: Why toss when the economy turns? Now you can provide yourself with a soft cushion for those hard times that may lie ahead.

When you sleep on a Bootyrest "Night Depository," you rest insured. Because your security rests with you. Just open the convenient side zipper, stuff in your hard-earned

cash, and sleep tight. Enjoy peace-of-mind over mattress.

Then, if the stock market collapses or business sags, you won't lie awake nights. You'll doze off peacefully — counting that extra support you've got in your Bootyrest.

It's much better than counting sheep!

Buy a Bootyrest "Night Depository" and start hoarding today. It's the mattress with the money-back guarantee!

Ordinary mattress sags as economy sags. You toss and turn.



Bootyrest has support of firm cash. You sleep like a log.



BOOTYREST
by ZIPPIN\$

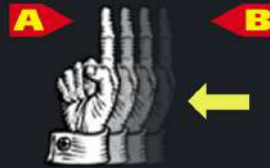
THE MATTRESS WITH
THE SAVING GRACE

A MAD AD PARODY



WHAT WORLD
HEAVYWEIGHT
HAS RECENTLY
TAKEN A DIVE?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



THE ALL-MIGHTY

DOLLAR

A B